

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1.069

MAY 24, 1890

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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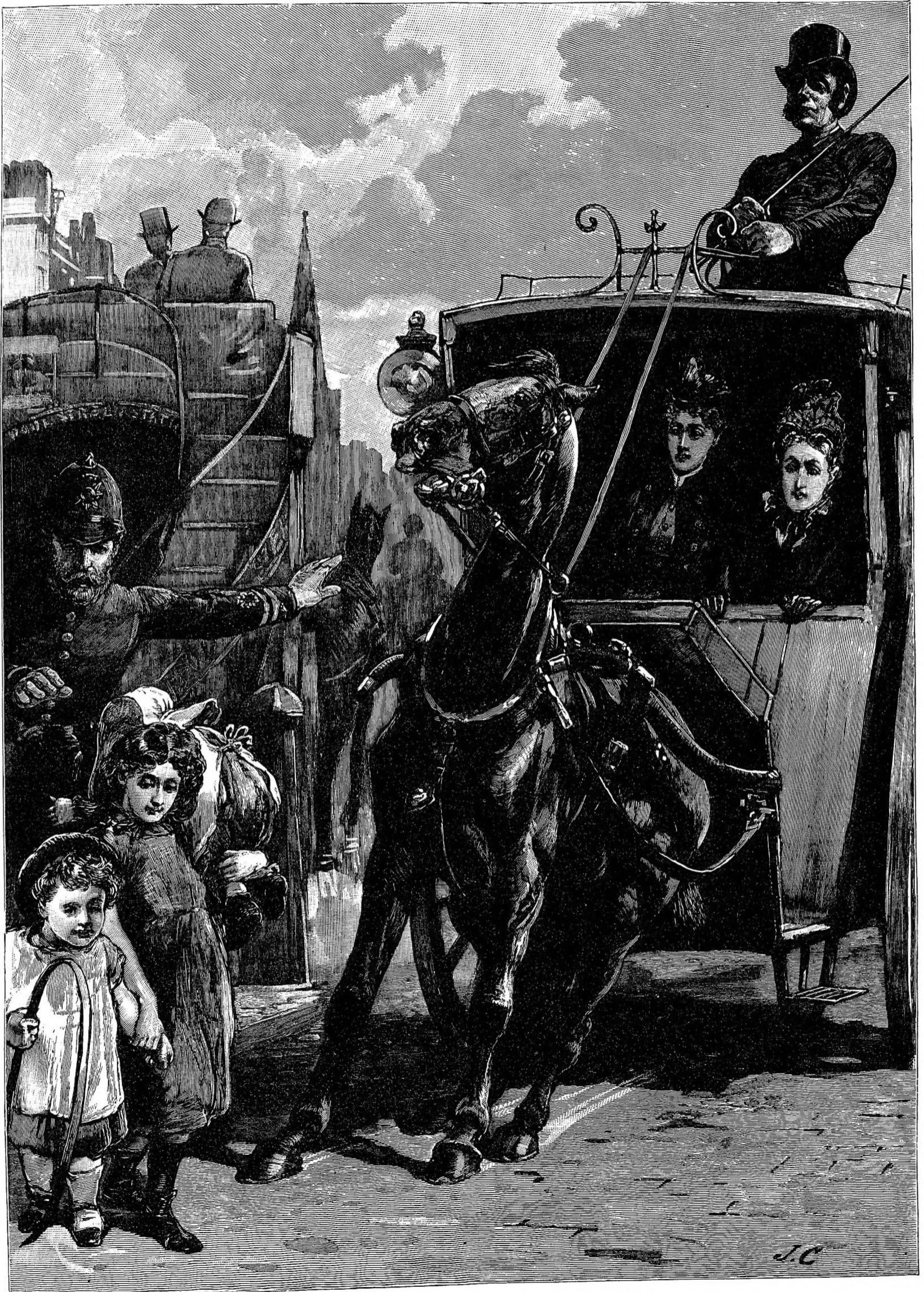
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ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1890

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE
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"OF DANGER ALL UNCONSCIOUS"
DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON



A MAGNANIMOUS OPPOSITION.—It is impossible not to admire Mr. Gladstone's pluck in describing the present Opposition as one distinguished for its magnanimity. Hardly any one else would have ventured on so lofty a flight of imagination. The truth, of course, is that there has rarely been an Opposition less generous than that which now confronts Her Majesty's Government. It seems to have but one aim, and that is to make all real work impossible. To secure this object it exhausts every resource left open to it by the forms of the House, and it will probably attain its end if the lawful power of the majority is not vigorously enforced. We entirely agree with those who have been reminding the Government that Obstruction will not be accepted by the country as an excuse for failure. It will be said—and said justly—that a strong Government always contrives somehow to carry its measures; and Ministers, if they do not succeed, will simply be asked why they had not the courage to meet Obstruction in the only way in which it can be properly and effectually met. It is easy to raise an outcry about legislation without adequate discussion; but no one wants to interfere with legitimate discussion. What is complained of is incessant repetition, the manifest purpose of which is merely the waste of public time. If an idea has been stated, and defended from every conceivable point of view in one good debate, why should it be stated and defended again and again in other debates? The Radicals threaten that, if the Closure is used freely against them, they in turn will some day use it not less freely. The answer is that they will be right, if their opponents act in the way in which they themselves are at present acting.

IRISH VOTERS IN GREAT BRITAIN.—At the meeting of the National League of Great Britain, on Tuesday, Mr. Parnell brought forward some interesting statistics. There are, he says, in Great Britain 750,000 persons of Irish birth, while their immediate descendants amount to a million and a half. This Hibernian contingent ought, he reckons, to produce a voting power of 300,000, and he urgently calls for subscriptions in order that these scattered electoral sheep may be more efficiently organised. No doubt some improvement in this respect is feasible, provided sufficient funds are forthcoming. Nevertheless, most observers will agree that the Nationalist Irish electorate in this island moves with a unity and a military precision which must excite the envy of English and Scotch political agents. To prove this fact, it is not necessary to go back to ancient history: the General Elections of 1885 and 1886 afford a striking spectacle of the unquestioning obedience which the Irish voters yield to an authoritative mandate from head-quarters. In the former year, when the Conservatives were supposed—and not altogether unjustly—to be coquetting with Home Rule, the edict went forth that Tory candidates were most deserving of the support of patriotic Irishmen. With remarkable unanimity the edict was obeyed. Next year, however, when Mr. Gladstone, alarmed at the electoral prospect, had gone over bag and baggage to Home Rule, the edict was withdrawn, and Paddy rejoined the ranks of his natural allies, the Radicals. The simple fact is that, while Englishmen and Scotchmen are wedded to individual freedom, Irishmen prefer despotism, provided that it is a despotism of their own choosing. This is shown by the unique position occupied by Mr. Parnell in Ireland. When a Parliamentary vacancy occurs he nominates a fit and proper successor, and his nominee is elected as a matter of course.

OUR STARVING HEROES.—That the Light Brigade Relief Fund may so prosper as to insure every survivor of the famous Charge against penury for the rest of his life, will be the wish of all. It must be confessed, nevertheless, that this special subscription for one little band of British heroes has a somewhat invidious look. The troops who hurled back the swarming Russians from the Inkerman plateau displayed not less gallantry than the Light Brigade at Balaklava. Nor did those who besieged ten times their number within the red walls of Delhi deserve less well of their country. Who shall say, either, that Lucknow witnessed no heroic endeavour against enormous odds, or that General Roberts's forced march from Cabul to Candahar did not testify to the world that English soldiers can still "go anywhere and do anything?" It must, then, seem unfair to the survivors of these and other achievements that the Light Brigade alone should be considered worthy of being saved from the workhouse. There is a way—a simple one, too—by which these special appeals, so humiliating, so undignified, could be done away with. Abolish that pernicious innovation, deferred pay, and, out of the large saving thus effected, establish a fund to provide all old soldiers with small pensions—say a shilling a day—after sixty years of age. Only a few would live to claim it—retired soldiers are not long-lived, as a rule—and the amount saved by doing away with deferred pay would therefore furnish a fully adequate pension-fund. Perhaps an even greater advantage would result to the nation in another way. In nineteen cases out of twenty deferred pay is spent on a drunken spree, lasting for a week or two, which leaves the soldier a perfect wreck, and

entirely unfit for civilian employ. Knowing that a lump of money would come to him on the conclusion of his colour service, he has never practised thrift in order to put money into the regimental savings' bank; and so, when the deferred pay is gone, he has nothing, not even provident habits, to fall back upon.

SOCIAL PROGRESS AND STATE ACTION.—Lord Salisbury's reply to Lord Wemyss, the other evening was very happily conceived. Not so very long ago the ideas of Lord Wemyss about the action of the State were the ideas of the great majority of English politicians; and they were, if possible, rather more popular among the Radicals than among the Conservatives. Now they are held only by a small minority, and Lord Salisbury gave excellent reasons for regarding them as somewhat antiquated. As he most truly said, "We have come upon an age of the world when the action of industrial causes, the great accumulation of population, and many other social and economic causes have produced great miseries and added to the evils of which flesh is heir." Men of Lord Wemyss's way of thinking tell us that the best way of dealing with these evils is to let them alone, and that all will come right in the end. Well, that plan has been tried, and we have not found that it has been successful. On the contrary, we have found that in proportion as the State has held aloof from the problems which affect the real well-being of the people the confusion and unhappiness which now attract so much attention tend more and more to become a serious danger to the commonwealth. It does not follow that it would be prudent to endeavour to reorganise society in accordance with some ambitious Socialist or Communist scheme; but it does follow that we are bound to search for the roots of popular discontent, and to make such legislative experiments as may appear most suitable for our needs. In cases in which it can be proved that private action is better than State interference, by all means let us have private action. But when there are solid grounds for the belief that an end can be most effectually attained by the community working through the Government, why should we not make free use of a potent force which happens to be at our disposal? Each case must be judged on its own merits, and it is foolish to be deterred by vague alarms about Socialism. If fears of that kind had been allowed to stand in the way, we should never have had a Post Office, or School Boards, or Factory Acts. This view is held by a very large number of persons who care little about party politics, and it has never been more clearly expressed than in Lord Salisbury's frank and manly speech.

THE SUPPRESSION OF PUBLIC HOUSES.—In view of the tremendous stir which has been caused by the proposal to compensate publicans, a brief conversation which took place in the House of Lords on Tuesday deserves attention. During the recent controversy, both parties—that led by Mr. Ritchie on the one hand, and that led by Mr. Caine on the other—appear to have accepted the theory that if there were fewer public-houses there would be less drunkenness. The only point where they disagreed was on the question of compensation. As is usual nowadays, matters which ought to be discussed without any partisan bias are sure to "get into politics;" and consequently the question whether Bung ought to be compensated, if forcibly deprived of his means of getting a livelihood, degenerated into a regular tug of war between the Government and the Opposition. But the little discussion above referred to, in which Lords Barrington, De Ramsey, and Kimberley took part, seems to show that the whole of this acrid contention may possibly be based on a misconception; and that, if statistics can be trusted, the number of drink-shops has very little, if anything, to do with the amount of drunkenness. Norwich, for example, abounds with public-houses, yet takes a high place as a sober city. Climate, as Lord Kimberley observed, plays a very important part in alcoholic excess. Spain is more sober than France, France is more sober than southern England, southern England is more sober than the North, or than Scotland. One cause of the superior sobriety of southern countries is that where wine is made there is a large choice of alcoholic beverages of agreeable and varying flavours, which are for the most part only moderately intoxicating. This is shown in France, where drunkenness is much more prevalent in those Departments where the summer is too chilly to ripen the grapes for wine-making purposes. Our conclusion, therefore, is: Restrain and harry the drunkard; but interfere as little as possible with the moderate drinker and the drink-seller.

EAST AFRICAN WATER-WAYS.—Lord Salisbury's plain speaking in repudiation of the Portuguese claim to monopolise the Shiré and the Zambesi will, no doubt, give dire offence to the Lisbon Chauvinists. They must admit, nevertheless, that Portugal has played the part of the dog in the manger by these affluent rivers, neither using them herself nor allowing other nations to use them. England's conduct in respect to the Victoria Nyanza is less selfish, but even more eccentric. As Mr. Stanley reminds his fellow-countrymen, this mighty inland sea has never yet seen a British steamer, that pioneer of commercial civilisation. The minor lakes have been so endowed, but the grandest of all the cluster, with its fringe of isolated missionary stations, remains unsupplied even with a steam launch. No doubt it would involve immense trouble and a little cost to get a

fifty or sixty-ton craft from the coast so far into the interior. But John Bull would think nothing of such difficulties if he were once convinced that his commercial interests are deeply involved in the business. That this is really the case admits of no controversy. The Germans, with the keen instinct of eager traders, are rushing for the lake region, and owing to Major Wissmann's promptitude of action, they seem likely to get ahead of the British East Africa Company. But the eventual winner of this competition will be, not the nation whose representatives are the first to reach the Victoria Nyanza, but that Power which first ploughs its broad waters with steamers. Mr. Stanley bears witness to the enormous value even a single steam-launch on the great lake would have been to his recent expedition, nor would it be too much to affirm that Emin Pasha owed his safety at Wadelai for so many years to his holding control over the Albert Nyanza by steam power. If, therefore, British trade is to secure the leading place in Central Africa, the first preceeding should be to hurry out a batch of small steamers to Mombassa, for distribution to the Victoria Nyanza, the Zambesi, and the Shiré. And for that essential preliminary, the public are entitled to look to the two great chartered companies on which such extensive privileges have been bestowed.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.—When Russia demands from the Turkish Government the payment of the arrears of the war indemnity, every one begins to scent danger. It is perfectly well known at St. Petersburg that the Porte has no money to spare, so the natural inference is that the demand means something with which money has very little to do. The Russian cause has not been prospering lately in the Balkan Peninsula. In Serbia the Czar's agents seemed for a while to have everything their own way, but there has been a reaction in that country, the Radicals having utterly failed to fulfil the expectations which they were rash enough to encourage among their adherents. In Bulgaria there has been no sign of any wavering on the part of the mass of the people in favour of Russian claims. On the contrary, the Bulgarians have shown more resolutely than ever that they are determined, if they can, to maintain the right of controlling their own affairs. All this has caused some uneasiness in the Russian capital; and it seems not improbable that it affords the real explanation of the pressure which is being brought to bear on the Porte with regard to the war indemnity. It is unlikely, indeed, that armed intervention is intended, for Russia is not ready for the conflict in which that would involve her. But it can hardly be doubted that she proposes to act, especially in relation to Bulgaria, with rather more vigour than she has recently displayed; and that she means, if possible, to make her influence felt at Sofia through Constantinople. Turkish wishes, however, have ceased to command much attention in Bulgaria, and the Sultan can have no desire to weaken the sense of independence in a Principality which may at some future time serve as a bulwark between him and the only enemy whom he really dreads.

GOOD NEWS FOR DOGS.—It is reported that within a few days our canine friends are to be relieved of their "respirators," and instead thereof are to wear a collar bearing their owners' name and address. This latter is a reform several times advocated in these columns when muzzling first became a burning question. At the same time it must be confessed that the ways of officialdom are mysterious. According to vulgar belief—and it is unwise to ignore vulgar belief, even though it may be erroneous—the warm weather which is now approaching is the choice season for rabies. Whatever dog-owners may think—for dog-owners are almost invariably anti-muzzleists—there are a large number of timid persons about, including the majority of women and children, who at present are much comforted by the thought, when they see a dog of suspicious or ferocious aspect approaching, that he can't bite them, even if he desires to do so. This source of consolation will henceforth be removed. Then there is another matter. The muzzle is a wonderful peace-preserver. Every one must have noticed how much rarer street-quarrels between dogs are than they used to be. The dog is a sensible creature, and when he can no longer have the satisfaction of making his teeth meet in his enemy's hide, he gives up brawls in the public thoroughfares as a practice unworthy of civilised caninity. We can but express a hope that a terrible reaction will not set in when the muzzle disappears. The dogs have endured a prolonged Lenten penance. Will they indulge in a Carnival of unrestricted license, snapping and biting right and left, regardless of both dog and man? If so, Mr. Chaplin will have incurred a heavy responsibility.

PAUPERS' READING.—"Boards of guardians are empowered to defray out of the rates the cost of supplying the inmates of workhouses with newspapers, periodicals, and books." Just so, Mr. Ritchie; but the Allotments Act proves that authorising public bodies to do certain things does not always suffice to get them done. Guardians feel deep solicitude, no doubt, for the paupers under their charge, but perhaps they are still more mindful of the ratepayers' interests. That is natural enough; are they not elected by the ratepayers? To supply a workhouse with such an amount of literature that every inmate could get a book or

newspaper suited to his tastes, without waiting, would involve serious expense. It is no matter for surprise, and certainly not for indignation, that many of these asylums for the destitute are very inadequately furnished with food for the mind. Here, then, is a department of practical benevolence, in which the public can give help without putting their hands in their pockets. Numbers of householders know not what to do with their newspapers and periodicals, and most willingly would they hand over this literature after perusal to any charitable institution. But only few go to the trouble of sending off their accumulations daily; once a week is the most they will undertake, and even that is often forgotten. But if the guardians, after ascertaining who would be willing to help in this matter, employed trustworthy paupers to make evening and morning collections, a sufficient supply would be secured to provide reading for the whole "House." It is merely a question of organisation, and might well engage, therefore, the attention of the society which takes charitable organisation under its special charge. One thing is certain. If the inmates of the workhouses have to wait for an adequate supply of current literature until guardians feel moved to provide it on a liberal scale, none of those now on the books will live to see that "good time coming."

NOTICE.—With this number is issued an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "ROME IN 1890."

READY MONDAY, JUNE 30.

THE SUMMER NUMBER OF "THE GRAPHIC"

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Papers by the 1d. and 13d. rates must be despatched within 8 days of the date of issue.

All subscriptions are payable in advance, either by Cheque or P.O.O., to the Publisher, E. J. MANSFIELD, 190, Strand, London.



FOR PARTICULARS OF THE MILITARY EXHIBITION, the EDINBURGH EXHIBITION, and SAVOY GALLERY, see page 593.

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.

BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY. The availability of Ordinary Return Tickets to and from the Seaside, &c., will be extended as usual over the Whitsuntide Holidays, and this will also include the Special Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets. On Saturday a 14 day excursion to Paris, by the picturesque route via Dieppe and Rouen, will be run from London by a Special Day Service, and also by the Express Night Service.

Special Saturday to Tuesday Tickets will also be issued from London to Dieppe, Brighton, Margate, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight. On Whit Sunday and Monday, Cheap Day Trips and Special Excursion Trains will be run to Brighton, Worthing, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Tunbridge Wells, Lewes, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings.

For the Crystal Palace Holiday Entertainments on Whit Monday, extra Trains will be run, to and from London Bridge, Victoria, and Kensington, as required by the traffic.

On Whit Tuesday Cheap Day Trips will be run from London to Brighton and Worthing.

The Brighton Company announce that their West End Offices—48, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, will remain open until 10.0 p.m. on the evening of Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, for the sale of the Special Cheap Tickets and Ordinary Tickets to all parts of the Line, and to Paris and the Continent, at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria.

LYCEUM.—THE BELLS.—TO-NIGHT (Saturday), and Monday next, at 8.30, Mathias (his original part), Mr. HENRY IRVING. Preceded at 8 by THE KING AND THE MILLER.

OLIVIA, May 27, 28, 29, 30, and LAST NIGHT OF THE SEASON, May 31 (Miss Ellen Terry's Annual Benefit). Box-office (Mr. Hurst) open daily, 10 to 5. Seats also booked by letter, or telegram.—LYCEUM.

BRITANNIA THEATRE.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. LANE. Monday, May 26, and Every Evening at Seven, A MAN'S SHADOW. Concluding with GRANDFATHER WHITEHEAD.

BRIGHTON THEATRE AND OPERA HOUSE.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. NVE CHART.—MONDAY, May 26, SWEET LAVENDER.

ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL, REGENT STREET, PICCADILLY. MR. FREDERICK BURGESS

Has the honour to announce to his friends and to the public that his Twenty-day and Night Musical and Dramatic Fete will take place on

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, June 8, at 2.30, and TUESDAY NIGHT, June 8, at 7.30.

TWO ENORMOUS PROGRAMMES of the MOST BRILLIANT and UNIQUE DESCRIPTION WILL BE PRESENTED in which all the most eminent artists connected with the principal West End Theatres will appear.

Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. The Box Office will be opened at Tree's Universal Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, on Wednesday, 14th inst. when places for all parts may be booked. For the convenience of families residing at a distance from London, tickets can be secured by post, provided a stamped and ready directed envelope is sent together with a Postal Order for the value of the tickets required, to Basil Tree, St. James's Hall.

WHITSUN HOLIDAYS. ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. Illuminated throughout with the Electric Light, rendering the Hall the coolest and most comfortable Place of Amusement in the Metropolis. IMMENSE ATTRACTIONS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

TO-MORROW, WHIT MONDAY, MAY 26, when

THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS will produce their new and delightful Summer Programme. SPECIAL DAY PERFORMANCES.

will be given T.O-MORROW, WHIT MONDAY AFTERNOON, at THREE. WHIT TUESDAY AFTERNOON at THREE.

and on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY AFTERNOON at THREE. Four Day Performances during the Holiday Week in addition to the regular Performances.

EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT. Tickets and Places can now be obtained at Tree's Office, St. James's Hall, for two weeks in advance.

PLEASURE CRUISES TO THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT Sun. The Orient Company's Steamships "GARONNE" (3,876 tons), and "CHIMBORAZO" (3,847 tons), will make a series of trips to Norway during the season, visiting the finest Fjords. The dates of departure from London will be as follows, and from Leith two days later.

June 4th for 15 days.	July 15th for 15 days.
June 18th for 27 days.	July 29th for 27 days.
June 25th for 15 days.	Aug. 8th for 21 days.

The steamers will be navigated through the "Inner Lead," i.e., inside the Fringe of Islands off the Coast of Norway, thus securing smooth water; those of the 18th June and 29th July will proceed to the North Cape, where the Sun may be seen above the horizon at midnight. The "Garonne" and "Chimborazo" are fitted with electric light, hot and cold baths, &c. Cuisine of the highest order. Managers, F. GRAY and Co., 13, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C.; ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and Co., 5, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C. For further particulars apply to the latter firm.

YACHTING CRUISE TO THE LEVANT and CRIMEA.—The ORIENT COMPANY will despatch their steamship "CUZCO," 3,918 tons register, 4,000 horse power, from London on July 1, for a six weeks' cruise, visiting Piræus (for Athens), Constantinople, Sebastopol, Balaklava, Yalta (for Livadia), Mudania (for Brusa), Mount Athos, and calling en route at various places in the Mediterranean. The month of July is considered the pleasantest time for cruising in the Mediterranean and the Black Sea. The "CUZCO" is fitted with electric light, hot and cold baths. Cuisine of the highest order. Managers, F. GRAY and Co., 13, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C.; ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and Co., 5, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C. For terms and further particulars apply to the latter firm.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS.—Tours to the West Coast and Fjords of Norway. Quickest and Cheapest Route. The splendid new first-class steamer "ST. GUNNIVA" leaves Leith and Aberdeen on June 7th for twelve days' cruise, Fortnightly thereafter. Full particulars and Handbook, 2d., may be had from W. A. MALCOLM, 102, Queen Victoria St., E.C. SEWELL and CROWTHIR, 18, Cockspur St., Charing Cross, S.W. THOS. COOK and SONS, Ludgate Circus, E.C., and all Branch Offices, and GUION and CO., 45, Water St., Liverpool.

YACHTING CRUISE TO ICELAND,

THE BRITISH YACHTING CO.'S FULL-POWERED STEAM YACHT

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320 Tons, 512 H.P. Captain B. WILLIAMS, Commander.

Will Leave LIVERPOOL for her first trip to ICELAND

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And subsequent voyages on June 26th and July 5th.

The Voyage and Excursions in the Island will occupy about three weeks. Fare, Thirty-five Guineas. This includes every expense on board and on shore, except wines, which can be purchased on board. The party will be conducted to places of interest in the Island by thoroughly experienced and trustworthy guides. Every provision has been made for the comfort and convenience of passengers. As only about thirty passengers will be taken each trip, early application is advisable.

For further particulars apply Messrs. T. COOK and SON, Ludgate Circus, E.C., and 51, Lord Street, Liverpool.

H.R.H. the DUCHESS OF FIFE will OPEN a GRAND

BAZAAR on THURSDAY, June 5, at twelve noon, in aid of the

FUNDS of the NORTH LONDON or UNIVERSITY COLLEGE HOS-

PITAL, in the Grounds of University College, Gower Street W.C.

The Scots Guards and other bands will be in attendance, and various entertainments will take place from time to time.

The bazaar will be open for two days, under Royal and distinguished patronage. Ladies and others willing to supply articles for sale at the bazaar, which should be labelled with the price, are invited to communicate with the secretary.

Admission—First day, from 12.30 a.m. to 2.30 p.m., 5s.; ditto from 2.30 to seven p.m., 2s. 6d. Second day, from 2.30 to five p.m., 2s. 6d.; ditto from five to eight p.m., 1s.

Children under 12 half-price.

The 5s. tickets are available for both days, and if purchased before June 5 two can be obtained for 7s. 6d.

Donations and annual subscriptions are earnestly solicited, and will be thankfully received by Augustus Prevost, Esq., B.A., Treasurer, 79, Westbourne Terrace; or by Newton H. Nixon, Secretary.

WHITSUNTIDE ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON,

BRIGHTON, and SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.—EXTENSION OF

TIME FOR RETURN TICKETS for distances over ten miles.

EXTRA TRAINS (1st and 3rd Class) from London on Saturday, May 24th, returning the following Monday or Tuesday.

The Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets issued to and from London and the Seaside on Saturday, May 24th, will be available for return on Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday.

PARIS AT WHITSUNTIDE.—SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSIONS.—Leaving London Bridge 10.45 a.m. and 9 p.m., and Victoria 10.15 a.m. and 8.50 p.m., Kensington Road, 9.55 a.m. and 8.5 p.m., Saturday, May 24th. Returning from Paris by the 8.50 p.m. Train and Boat in connection on any day up to June 6th inclusive. Fares, First Class, 59s. 3d.; Second Class, 30s. 3d.; by either Morning or Evening Service, and third class, 23s. 3d., by Evening Service only.

PORTSMOUTH and ISLE OF WIGHT.—CHEAP TRAINS.—Saturday, May 24th, to Havant and Portsmouth from Victoria 1.0 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from London Bridge 2.30 p.m., and Kensington (Addison Road) 12.45 p.m.; returning by certain Trains only the following Tuesday evening.

WHIT SUNDAY.—CHEAP TRAINS from London Bridge 8.0 a.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and Croydon; and from Victoria 7.50 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction, Mitcham Junction, Sutton, Epsom, Leatherhead, and Dorking, to Midhurst, Arundel, Littlehampton, Bognor, Chichester, Havant, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight. Returning same day.

WHIT MONDAY.—CHEAP TRAINS from London Bridge, Victoria, and Kensington (Addison Road) at 8.40 a.m., to Havant, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight. Returning same day.

Return Fares between London and Portsmouth Town, and Havant, Day Excursions Whit Sunday, 4s. Whit Monday, 5s. Saturday to Tuesday, 5s. For Isle of Wight connections, through Cheap Return Tickets to Ryde, Cowes, Ventnor, and Isle of Wight Railway Stations, available for one or more days, see Handbills.

HASTINGS and ST. LEONARDS.—WHIT SUNDAY, CHEAP TRAINS from London Bridge 8.5 a.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and Croydon; and from Victoria 8.50 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction. Returning same day. Fare there and back, 4s.

WHIT MONDAY.—CHEAP TRAINS from London Bridge and Victoria 7.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction. Returning same day. Fare there and back, 5s.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS by the NEW DIRECT ROUTE.—

CHEAP EXCURSIONS on Whit Sunday from London Bridge 8.35 a.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and Croydon; from Victoria 8.50 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction. Returning same day. Fare there and back, 5s.

On Whit Monday from London Bridge 8.0 a.m. and 9.30 a.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and Croydon; from Victoria 7.55 a.m. and 9.30 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction. Returning same day. Fare there and back, 4s.

EASTBOURNE and LEWES.—SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS on Whit Sunday and Monday from London Bridge, calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and Croydon; also from Victoria, calling at Clapham Junction.

BRIGHTON.—SATURDAY TO TUESDAY.—SPECIAL

CHEAP TRAINS. Saturday, May 24th, from Victoria 2.0 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction, from Kensington (Addison Road) 1.50 p.m., calling at New Cross, Chelsea, and Battersea, and from London Bridge 2.15 p.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and Croydon.

Returning only on the following Tuesday, and then only by the 7.10 p.m. Train. Fare there and back, 5s.

EVERY SUNDAY, CHEAP FIRST CLASS TRAINS from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS on Whit Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, from London Bridge direct, and from Victoria, calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS DAILY to the Crystal Palace, from London Bridge, New Cross, also from Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), West Brompton, and Chelsea, and Clapham Junction.

FOR full particulars see Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where tickets may also be obtained:—West End General Offices, 48, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, Hay's Agency, Cornhill, Cook's Lodge Circus Office; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand.

(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.



"OF DANGER ALL UNCONSCIOUS"

MR. CHARLTON has here illustrated one of the familiar dangers of the London roadways. A hansom-cab driver, acting under the policeman's directions, has just pulled up his horse in time to avoid running over two children. On the whole, we are inclined to think that the metropolitan thoroughfares are now safer for pedestrians than they were thirty or forty years ago. It is true that there was no noiseless asphalt pavement in those days, and no bicycles (often after dark unprovided with lamps) swiftly stealing down upon the unwary; but, on the other hand, there were no street-refuges, and no constables stationed to regulate the traffic; nor was the right of pedestrians to use the roadway so clearly recognised as it now is.

STOKERS FOR THE ROYAL NAVY

THERE has been a good deal of talk lately as to the dearth of stokers for the Navy. In these days of machinery the stoker is an almost more important personage on board a war-ship than Jack Tar himself, and it is to be hoped that he will recognise his indispensability, and come forward like a man. Perhaps our engravings, which are from photographs by D. H. Drake Brockman, Esq., Lieutenant, R.M.L.I., will be instrumental in attracting recruits. We first see the "hard hats" (as the candidates for the stoke-hole are called by their seniors) being inspected by the doctor, who is examining their lungs with a binaural stethoscope, while the sick-berth steward is taking the measurement of their chests. The standard is at present 34 in. for those under twenty years of age, 34½ in. for those over. The standard of height for all candidates is 5 ft. 3 in. Next we see the medically-passed "hard hats" answering the question, "Are you willing to serve for twelve years?" in the presence of the commanding officer. "Drawing rations." These are good in quality and abundant in quantity. "Physical Drill" explains itself. After this setting-up process the "ex-hard hats" are supplied with their uniform, and begin their regular course of instruction, which includes rifle and cutlass exercise. Our last illustration represents a batch of stokers with their bags of clothes and belongings, ready to be drafted to a sea-going ship.

"GO, THOU MUST PLAY ALONE, MY BOY, THY SISTER IS IN HEAVEN"

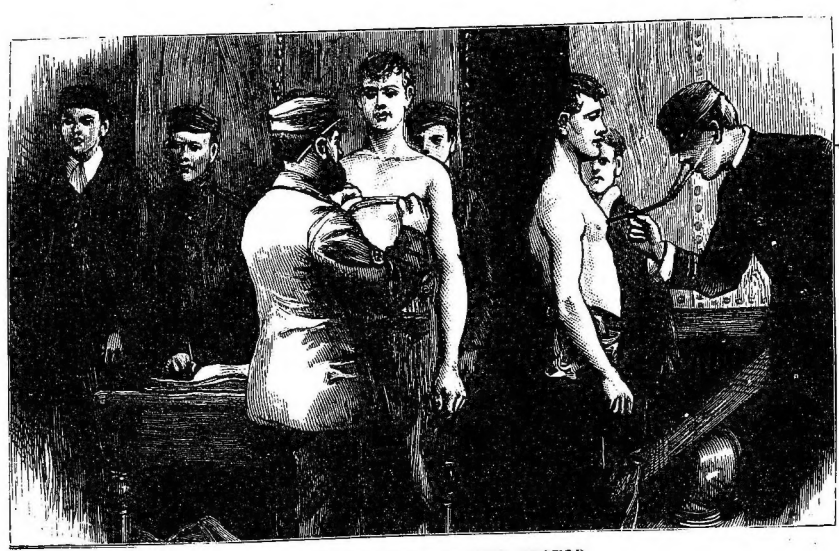
THIS very pathetic picture, by Mrs. Marianne Stokes, was exhibited at the Royal Academy last year. The poor little bereaved fellow here represented is old enough to realise, at any rate to some extent, the loss which he has sustained. He has probably never looked on a dead person before, and Death, as we know, bears a strong resemblance to his twin-brother Sleep; still he has an instinctive feeling that the sleep here is of indefinite continuance, and that what he sees is but a waxen image of his much-loved playmate.

"MADAME LEROUX"

A NEW serial story by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Percy Macquoid, is continued on page 585.

SOME MEMBERS OF THE DANISH ROYAL FAMILY

THIS engraving, which is from excellent photographs by Mary Steen, forms a very interesting family picture. It is true that the group is not complete. The King of Denmark himself is absent, as is also his eldest son, Prince Christian (with his seven children), and his youngest son, Prince Waldemar. A point which must strike every one who has noted the fortunes of this family is that the children of a monarch ruling over one of the smallest kingdoms in Europe, and rendered still smaller by the result of the Schleswig-Holstein War, should have made such influential alliances. This may be fairly attributed to the twofold attraction of exceptional good looks, combined with an early career of extreme simplicity. Little probably did Louisa, Princess of Hesse Cassel, dream, when in 1842 she married the Heir to the Danish Throne, that one of her daughters would become Empress of All the Russias, while another would marry the future Sovereign of the British Empire. And many a mother would feel proud to think that one of her sons (Prince George) has managed for twenty-seven years to keep his



CANDIDATES PASSING THE DOCTOR



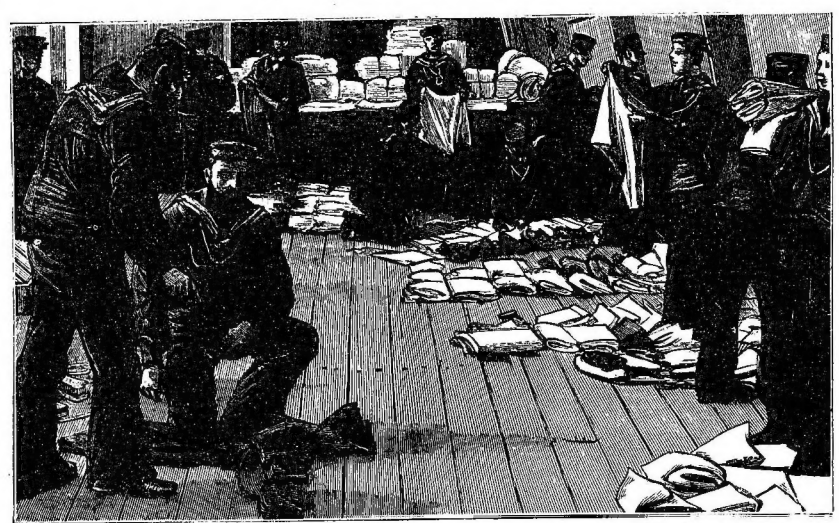
"ARE YOU WILLING TO SERVE FOR TWELVE YEARS?"



NEWLY-JOINED MEN DRAWING THEIR RATIONS



AT PHYSICAL DRILL



"KITTING" THE NEW HANDS UP



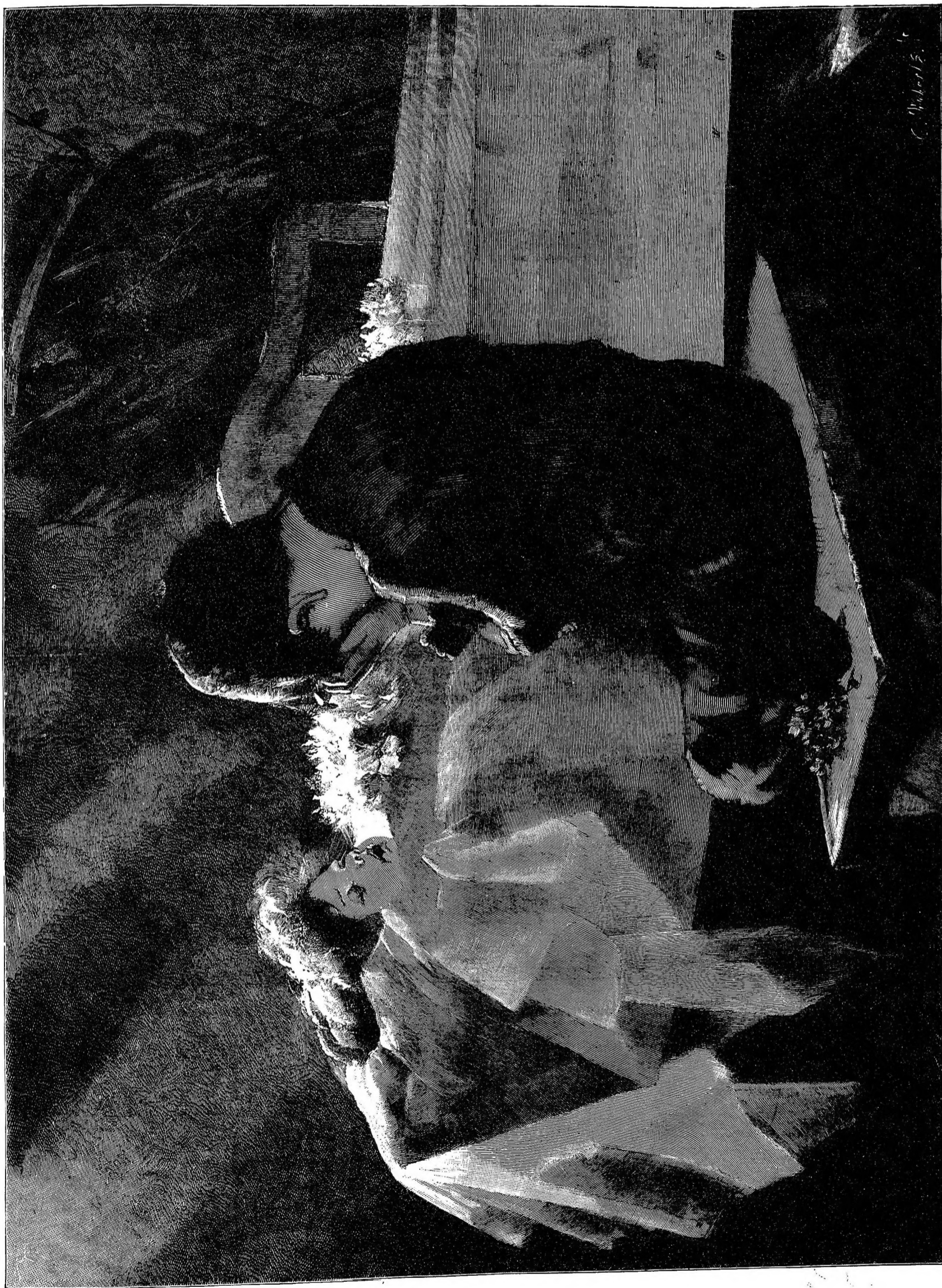
TRAINING-CLASS—LEARNING THE USE OF THE RIFLE



CUTLASS DRILL



THE FINISHED ARTICLE—STOKERS WAITING TO BE DRAFTED TO A SEA-GOING SHIP



"GO, THOU MUST PLAY ALONE, MY BOY, THY SISTER IS IN HEAVEN"
FROM THE PICTURE BY MRS. MARIANNE STOKES

seat on such a volcanic throne as that of Greece. The Princess Thyra, in marrying the Duke of Cumberland, made a less dazzling match. Her health, which gave great cause for anxiety, has been much better of late. Two of her six children are here represented.

MADAME RONNER'S "STUDIES FROM LIFE"

At the Fine Art Society's Gallery, 148, New Bond Street, are being exhibited one hundred and fifteen excellent paintings of "Animal Life," by Madame Henriette Ronner. They comprise some good studies of cat and dog character (one of which we engrave), and display dexterous draughtsmanship, a keen sense of humour, and a notable power of imitating the skins of various creatures. Madame Ronner was born in Amsterdam in 1821. Her father, J. August Knip, was a painter, and devoted himself to developing his daughter's artistic talents, especially after he became blind in 1832. She was then eleven, and began, under his training, a life of incessant labour. Every day, from sunrise to sunset, with brief intervals of rest, she was at her easel either in the open air or in the study. Since 1837, when she first exhibited, her works have held an honourable position in all the artistic centres of Europe. Her favourite subjects have always been dogs and cats, and her pictures of these latter animals (confessedly so difficult to reproduce) have established her reputation. In 1850, she married M. Ronner, and settled in Brussels. Her pictures have been exhibited in various parts of the world; and in the Amsterdam Museum, opened a few years ago, her name is inscribed among the worthies of Holland.

THE GORDON STATUE

THE unveiling of this statue, which is already familiar to many from the cast of it now being exhibited at the Royal Academy, is an interesting event both from an historical and an artistic point of view. Nothing, let us hope, will ever efface from the national memory the remembrance of Gordon's heroism. Still, the monument just erected at Chatham by the Royal Engineers, in conjunction with the Royal Artillery and the Volunteer Engineer Corps, in honour of their illustrious comrade, will be a useful reminder. And, from an artistic point of view also, it is the record of a triumph over difficulties. Mr. Onslow Ford, A.R.A., was "greatly daring" when he decided to represent the hero seated upon a camel. The camel is an excellent but not a beautiful quadruped. Its vast size might have been expected, moreover, to have unduly dwarfed its rider by comparison, and to have rendered the work undignified. Mr. Ford's genius has overcome the difficulty, however, and the statue, it is generally admitted, is both a faithful and picturesque representation of the Governor-General of the Soudan. It stands in the square of the Brompton Barracks, opposite the Royal Engineers' Institute. The Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Duke of Cambridge, Mr. Edward Stanhope, Secretary at War, Lord Wolseley, and other distinguished guests, arrived at Chatham on Monday at one o'clock, and was received by a guard of honour provided by the Royal Engineers. The streets were gaily decorated, and thronged with enthusiastic crowds as His Royal Highness drove to the Square, where a *dais* had been erected. Sir Lothian Nicholson, Inspector-General of Fortifications and Engineers, read a short address, and the Prince, in reply, gave a brief *résumé* of Gordon's services, and expressed the pleasure which it gave him to unveil this monument to "one of England's noblest soldiers." His Royal Highness then, amid loud applause, pulled the rope, and, as the Union Jack fell off, the band played Gordon's favourite hymn, "For Ever with the Lord." After the ceremony Miss Gordon, the sister of the General, was introduced to His Royal Highness, who conversed with her for some minutes; the troops then marched past, and the proceedings of the day terminated.—Our engravings are from photographs and sketches by Major J. F. Nott.

ROME IN 1890

See page 587

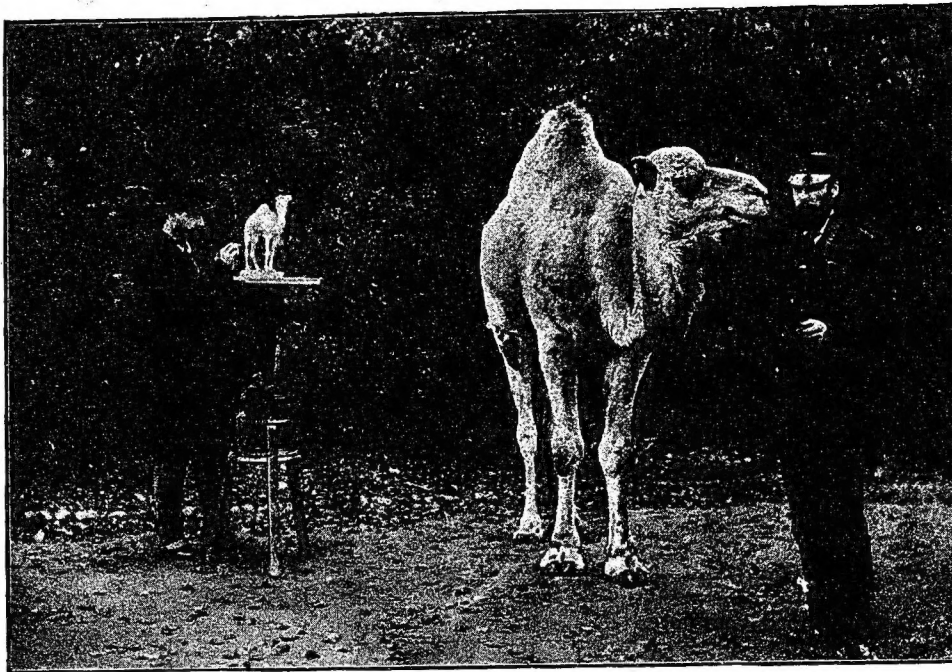


POLITICAL.—Mr. Chamberlain made one of his ablest speeches on Monday at the annual meeting of the Grand Committee of the Birmingham Liberal Unionist Association, of which he is President. He pointed out in detail how much that was most important in the programme of the Liberal party, before Home Rule was sprung on it by Mr. Gladstone, had been embodied in the policy and legislation of the present Unionist Government, and with what energy of inconsistency that policy had been opposed and that legislation been obstructed by the Gladstonians in a purely factious spirit of opposition. He concluded by an earnest appeal to the Government to use all legitimate means, and those at their disposal were enough for the purpose, to prevent further mischief from what he called the gross abuse by the opposition of the forms of parliamentary procedure.—At a meeting of Bermondsey Gladstonians, on Tuesday, Sir William Harcourt made a boisterous speech, much of which was evidently intended as a reply to Mr. Chamberlain's remarks on Obstruction. Sir William denied that there had been any; on the contrary, he and his friends had assisted the Government to have their chief Bills this Session read a second time. Feeling, perhaps, that this was a rather disputable statement, he followed it up by a *tu quoque*, and charged the Ministerialists with factious endeavours to embarrass the Gladstonians when in office. The most striking thing Sir William said was not his own, but a quotation of a remark which was once made to him by Lord Beaconsfield about the House of Commons, and which might be recommended to the attention of aspirants to Parliamentary honours: "There are moments of emotion; but, taking it altogether, it is the dulllest place I was ever in in my life."—On the same day, during his return journey from the Eastern Counties to Hawarden, Mr. Gladstone spoke briefly to the crowds assembled at Spalding and Lincoln where the train stopped. He congratulated the Spaldingites on the result in their division of the bye-election of July, 1887, and at Lincoln, as a new argument for Home Rule, he asserted that the work of the Government of Ireland, relatively to population, is carried on at exactly double the cost of the Government of England and Scotland.—At a meeting of the National League of Great Britain, held also on Tuesday, in London, Mr. T. P. O'Connor presiding, it was agreed to establish a central branch to promote the registration, &c., of Irishmen in British constituencies. Mr. Parnell,

who was the principal speaker, estimated at 750,000 the Irish-born population of Great Britain, and at about a million and a-half their immediate descendants. They ought thus to have the voting power of 300,000, which they had not, and as the Government, he anticipated, would not postpone a dissolution beyond the end of next year, every effort should be made to place as many Irishmen as possible on the election roll at the registration of the coming autumn.—In the very satisfactory and encouraging report presented at the annual meeting of the Grand Council of the Primrose League held on Monday, under the presidency of the Earl of Jersey, emphasis was laid on the great progress made by the League in Ireland, especially in the south-west portion of the country.—Sir W. Cunliffe Brooks (C.) has intimated his intention of not standing again for the Altrincham division of Cheshire, for which at the last General Election he was returned unopposed. Mr. Coningsby Disraeli, the late Lord Beaconsfield's nephew, has accepted an invitation from the electors of the division to become their candidate at the next election.

AMONG the honours conferred this year, as usual, on the occasion of Her Majesty's birthday, the Earl of Jersey, Paymaster-General, and Mr. W. L. Jackson, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, and one of the members for Leeds, are made Privy Councillors, and a baronetcy is conferred on Sir Henry Acland, Regius Professor of Medicine in the University of Oxford.

AT THE MEETING of the London County Council on Tuesday Lord Rosebery, the chairman, explained with regard to his refusal to accept the vote of urgency referred to in this column last week, that the Council had no power to vote urgency, and the chairman no power to give it. Sir T. Farrer then returned to the charge with a resolution recommending the Council to petition against the Government proposal for the buying up of licences by County



MR. ONSLOW FORD, A.R.A., AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS
Making his first model of the camel

Councils. After a long discussion the closure was applied, and Sir T. Farrer's motion was carried by a majority of 15, the numbers being 64 to 49. Thus of some 137 members constituting the Council 113 took part in the division.

LORD HARTINGTON, as President of the Light Brigade Committee, intimates, through the Press, that further subscriptions to its funds are needed, and that an executive committee has been appointed to investigate the circumstances of the various applicants for relief. Subscriptions may be sent to the London and Westminster Bank, Temple Bar branch, to Sir A. Rollit, M.P., hon. treasurer, Dunster House, Park Lane; or to the hon. secretary, Mr. Sidney J. Low, the *St. James's Gazette*, Whitefriars, E.C. At the middle of this week 2,001. had been raised.

A MURDER which has all the appearance of being premeditated, and which was followed by an attempt at suicide, was perpetrated at the Victory Tavern, Clarence Road, Kentish Town, a little after one on Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Verney, a young married woman, but separated from her husband, was a barmaid there, and had been on intimate terms with Mr. Thomas Harding, who is the son of a ventryman of St. Pancras, and who is separated from his wife. At the time mentioned, he entered the bar of the Victory and asked for Mrs. Verney, who came from the kitchen, and told him that she wished to have nothing more to do with him. Subsequently he entered the kitchen, whither she had retired, and on his threatening to shoot her and himself if she did not come out with him she ascended the stairs with him, when he fired twice at her face and head from a revolver. He then rushed into the bar-parlour and discharged at himself a bullet which missed its aim. He rose and left the house, but was soon captured and charged at Albany Street with the murder. Mrs. Verney, when a medical man arrived on the scene, was found lying dead on the spot where she had fallen on being shot.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in his seventy-third year, of General Sir Alexander Gordon, second son of the fourth Earl of Aberdeen, who distinguished himself at the battle of the Alma, became in 1872 Commander of the Eastern District of England, and from 1875 to 1885 was M.P. for East Aberdeenshire; in his eighty-third year, of Count Charles Henry Dillon, formerly page to Charles X., Colonel of the Thirty-Eighth (French) Cuirassiers, and nephew of General Arthur Dillon, guillotined in 1794; in his ninetieth year, of General the Hon. Arthur C. Legge; in his ninety-sixth year, of the Rev. Charles Lacy, the oldest clergyman in the Diocese of London, Rector, since 1839, of All Hallows-on-the-Wall, London; in his eighty-ninth year, of the Rev. Canon Pitman, Prebendary and Canon of Chichester Cathedral, for very nearly sixty-two years Vicar of Eastbourne; of the Rev. Canon Williams, Canon Residentiary of St. David's, and formerly Professor of Welsh at Lampeter College; in his eighty-third year, of the Rev. Dr. F. W. Gotch, the well-known Baptist member of the Old Testament Revision Committee, Honorary President of the British Baptist College; and in his sixty-fifth year, of Mr. George Hooper, a veteran journalist, who, early in his career, belonged to the staff of the *Leader*, and later for many years to that of the *Daily Telegraph*, best known as the contributor to military history of various works, among them "Waterloo," "Sedan," and a biography of Wellington in the "Men of Action" series.



THE ROYALTY Theatre reopened on Saturday evening with a revival of the farcical comedy, *The Barrister*, by Messrs. G. Manville Fenn and J. H. Darnley, which enjoyed a prosperous run at the Comedy Theatre, under Miss Violet Melnotte's management, some little while ago. At the same time a new comedietta by Mr. F. W. Broughton was produced under the title of *The Bailiff*. Mr. Broughton enjoys a considerable reputation as a purveyor of little introductory pieces of this kind, but it is hardly likely to be enhanced by his latest effort. A man who has been a "ne'er-do-weel," and has gone to Australia, where he has made money, returns to England just in time to save his brother from being turned out of house and home by his creditors. There should be no hesitation in the matter on the part of the traveller who returns, seeing that the debt which is the cause of all the trouble has been incurred by his brother on his behalf to assist him on his journey out. But the personages of comedietta seldom act like ordinary folk. The poor man in difficulties must needs be kept in suspense for a considerable time, because it is the whim of his eccentric relative to appear in the character of the broker's man. Such is the story of the little piece, the conclusion of which is pretty obvious from the first. The representation left a good deal to be desired. Apparently it suffered from a want of sufficient preparation. *The Barrister* is acted with much spirit by a company which includes Mr. F. Mervin in the part of the barrister, originally played by Mr. Darnley, Miss Susie Vaughan, in her original character of the lady whose bag is the cause of so much hubbub, Mr. Lawrence D'Orsay, Mr. R. Medlicott, Miss Alice Yorke, and Miss Mary Kingsley. The revival was well received.

A life-size painting of Mr. E. S. Willard has just been completed by Mr. A. Leicester Burroughs, and is now hanging in the foyer of the SHAFTESBURY Theatre.

The date on which Messrs. Sims and Buchanan's new romantic four-act drama of Irish life will take the place of the revived *Green Bushes* at the ADELPHI is still, it appears, distant. According to present intention it will be produced on Saturday, August 2nd. Miss Olga Brandon and Mr. Leonard Boyne will play the leading characters.

An American lady, Mrs. Erving Winslow, of Boston, proposes to give a series of public readings of Ibsen's plays in London during the month of June.

To-night a three-act farce, written by Mr. James Mortimer, and called *The Queen's Counsel*, will be produced at the COMEDY.

Louis XI. has been played at the LYCEUM throughout the week. To-night, and on Monday next, *The Bells* takes its place; and on Wednesday Miss E. Terry and Mr. Irving will appear in *Olivia*. It is in this play that Miss Terry will take her farewell of her London admirers, on the occasion of her benefit, May 27th, which will be the last night of the season.

Madame Jane Hading, the famous French actress, has declared her opinion that the scenic arrangements of our theatres, of which she has had many opportunities of judging during her visits to London, are "incomparably superior to those of the French stage."

The chief novelties of the present week are Mr. Robert Buchanan's poetical play *The Bride of Love*, founded on the fable of "Cupid and Psyche," and produced at a *matinée* at the ADELPHI; and Mr. H. A. Jones's *Judah* at the SHAFTESBURY. Of these, as well as of some minor productions, we shall have occasion to speak next week.



THE REPORT that Canon Liddon has been offered and has declined the See of St. Alban's is authoritatively confirmed.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON, the *Record* understands, has vetoed the new proceedings, to which we recently referred, in connection with the St. Paul's Reredos.

MAY MEETINGS.—The report presented at the annual meeting of the London Missionary Society speaks of the prospects of its Central African Mission as brighter and more settled than ever before. The year's income was 103,579l., and the expenditure left a balance in hand of 3,209l. The late Sir James Tyler had bequeathed to the Society a legacy of 42,000l.—The Congregational Union of England and Wales have adopted a resolution condemning any proposal which may be made to include in the Census of 1891 a return of the religious profession of the people.—Canon Wilberforce and the Rev. J. McNeill were among the speakers at a crowded meeting in Exeter Hall at the forty-sixth anniversary of the Young Men's Christian Association. The report stated that the Society had 3,882 branches affiliated to it throughout the world, and in each of these a great work was being done. The receipts for the year, 10,885l., slightly exceeded the expenditure.

AT A MEETING presided over by Sir Henry James, who was supported by Bishop Barry, initiatory steps were taken towards the establishment of a South London Mission, with Nunhead for its centre, in connection with Cheltenham College.

THE DEATH is ANNOUNCED, at little more than sixty, of the Rev. John Macnaught, who, when the Incumbent of St. Chrysostom, Everton, near Liverpool, promulgated some forty years ago advanced theological views, which, especially those on the subject of inspiration, were strenuously contested by the late Dr. McNeill and other leaders of Evangelicalism in Liverpool, and provoked a keen controversy. The result was that Mr. Macnaught resigned his living, and even contemplated a withdrawal from the clerical profession; but subsequently he became Incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Conduit Street, London, where he gathered round him a sympathetic congregation, and afterwards of St. Mary's, Hammersmith, where, his health giving way under unremitting parish toil, the resignation of the living was painfully forced on him. In accordance with his own wishes, his remains were cremated at Woking on Saturday last, his friend, the Rev. H. R. Haweis, officiating.



THE TURF.—Tyrant continued his victorious career at Doncaster, where from a field of eleven he carried off the Spring Handicap Plate. This made his fifth successive victory. Of other races at Doncaster we may note the Scurry Stakes, in which Lord Penrhyn's Noble Chieftain was successful; and the Chesterfield Handicap Plate, which fell to Mr. Vyner's Lily of Lumley. Lord Penrhyn was in luck again at the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, where he secured the Newmarket Handicap with Carmine; Mr. D. Baird's Petard won the Exning Plate, while Mr. Lowther's King's Evil secured the Breeders' Plate. The principal event was the valuable Newmarket Stakes, however; and this, in the absence of Surefoot, was booked a good thing for Le Nord. In the event, however, the issue lay between the Duke of Portland's Memoir and the Duke of Westminster's Blue Green, and the former, ridden by Watts, won by a neck. Le Nord was a bad third. T. Cannon and T. Loates each rode three winners on Tuesday; while at Worcester, on the same day, Mr. Abington was equally successful. For the Derby Surefoot firmly maintains his position; while for the Manchester Cup, to be run on Friday next, Vasistas was established favourite early in the week.

CRICKET.—Luck, which has hitherto befriended the Australians, was against them in their third fixture, against the very powerful eleven got together by Mr. W. H. Laverton, and they were defeated by 181 runs—a result chiefly due to the batting of Dr. W. G. Grace and Mr. O. G. Radcliffe, who scored 64 and 93 respectively in the second innings, and the bowling of Briggs and Lohmann. Against Oxford University the Colonials easily asserted their superiority, and aided by the stubborn batting and good bowling of Charlton, won by an innings and 61 runs. Mr. J. F. H. Berkeley, a freshman, bowled well for the University. Cambridge University without Mr. Woods is a very different team to Cambridge University with him, as was proved by the match against the Gentleman of England, when the latter scored 363 (Mr. H. T. Hewett 114) and won by 11 wickets. Shrewsbury and Gunn made the longest stand on record (398) against poor Sussex last week, the former batting nearly nine hours for his score of 267, and the latter making 196 in six hours. The total amounted to 590, and Sussex, it goes without saying, was beaten in an innings. Shrewsbury did another fine performance for the North against the South, carrying his bat through the first innings and making 34 in the second. The South, for whom Mr. Stoddart made 115 in his second innings, won easily, Lohmann bowling very finely. Mr. Shuter made 117 in his second innings for Surrey against Essex, and enabled his county to score a victory when the chance seemed remote. Kent beat Middlesex.—Playing for Clapham Wanderers at the Oval on Monday, Mr. Fox hit two sevens, all run out.—Jesus College, Cambridge, made 516 against St. John's this week.

POLO.—At Cambridge the Present have easily defeated the Past.—A match between the Hurlingham and Ranelagh Clubs resulted in a victory for the former, after a good game.

ROWING.—In Australia Kemp has defeated McLean, the new sculler, of whom so much was expected. Kemp will now have to meet the winner of the O'Connor-Stansbury match, and the vexed question as to the Championship will then, for a time at least, be set at rest.

TENNIS.—The long-expected match between Pettitt and Saunders takes place on Monday next.—Mr. E. B. C. Curtis has deprived Sir Edward Grey, Bart., M.P., of the Amateur Championship.

FOOTBALL.—A Scotch "League" has been formed among eleven of the leading clubs, of which, however, Queen's Park is not one.



A CORONER'S INQUEST was held on Monday on the body of Frederick William Hannam, aged twenty-four, Secretary of the Thomas Lighting Company, City, who, on Friday evening last week, shot Mrs. Haley, of Lee, in the Bromley Road, Lee, and then cut his throat, and drowned himself in a pond by the roadside. The chief witness was Mr. W. H. Williams, an intimate friend of the deceased, who, he said, was always of a "queer" disposition, and read and studied much. On the night before the tragedy Hannam said to him that he was very unhappy and very much in love, and his manner betokened insanity. The witness told Hannam's father of this, but they did not know what to do, and the deceased having said that something would happen next, i.e., this week, "put them off." The deceased in a letter to witness, written apparently on the day of the catastrophe, said that he "possessed a determination," and asked him to carry out a previous request in regard to the payment of his debts. The Coroner read extracts from a sort of diary, in which the deceased spoke of suicide, and hinted at something worse, mentioning also his purchase of a revolver. The jury found that the deceased committed suicide by drowning, while labouring under mental derangement.

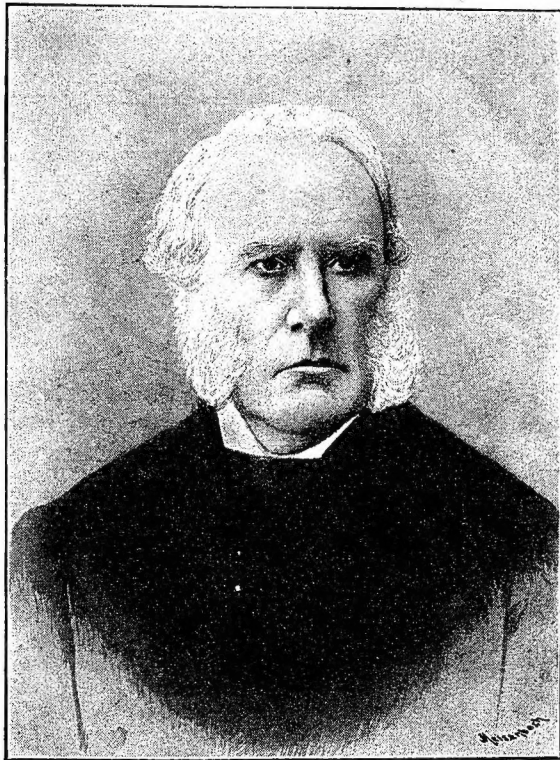
A YOUNG MAN returning on the *Glen Rosa* from Clacton-on-Sea last Easter Monday, when sitting with a friend on the back of the paddle-box, fell overboard, about 9.30 P.M., and was drowned. His mother claimed damages from the Steamboat Company; and it was contended for her that the captain, when told of the disaster, stopped only for a moment, and made no effort to save the deceased. The captain, on the other hand, said that he stopped for six or seven minutes, and that he did not lower a boat because the deceased's friend, who first told him in a very cool manner of the mishap, also said that ten minutes or a quarter of an hour had elapsed since it occurred. Another witness for the defence, however, admitted that the captain told him he thought he was being hoaxed. The jury found that the deceased was guilty of contributory negligence in sitting where he did, but also that there was negligence in not lowering the boat and backing the steamer far enough, and they gave the mother 100*l.* damages. Mr. Justice Cave, in giving judgment for the amount, stayed execution for a week.

A CASE was reported in this column last week as being lengthily discussed before the Court for the Consideration of Crown Cases Reserved, which has at last given a decision on the question involved. A simpleton bought for a shilling from a man in the street a purse which the vendor said contained three shillings, but, on opening it, found the contents to be only three halfpence. The vendor was indicted for and convicted of larceny, but it was contended for him that it was merely a case of obtaining money under false pretences, since the owner of the three shillings had voluntarily parted with it. The Court upheld this plea, and the conviction was quashed. It is one of the beauties of the law, according to

Lord Coleridge, that if a man is indicted for obtaining anything by false pretences he may be convicted of larceny, but if he is indicted for larceny he cannot be convicted of obtaining by false pretences. Thus the vendor of the purse so far escapes punishment.

LORD HAMMOND

EDMUND HAMMOND, youngest son of the late Mr. George Hammond, Minister at Washington, and afterwards Foreign Under-Secretary (he wrote in the *Anti-Jacobin*), was born in 1802. He was educated at Harrow and Eton, and, in 1823, entered the Civil Service. He began in the Privy Council Office, but most of his fifty years of public service was spent at the Foreign Office. He went on several missions abroad, and rose, by gradual promotion, till he became Permanent Foreign Under-Secretary, a post which



THE LATE LORD HAMMOND

he held for twenty years. In 1873 he retired on a pension, and, in 1874, was raised to the Peerage as Baron Hammond of Kirk Ella, Kingston-on-Hull. In 1846 he married Mary Frances, third daughter of the late Lord Robert Kerr. This lady died last year. Lord Hammond died from a stroke of paralysis, at Mentone, on April 29th. He leaves three daughters but no son, so the Peerage becomes extinct.—Our portrait is from a photograph by L. Suscipi, Rome.



THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.—There is always a welcome for brief and not super-difficult music for choral societies, especially in country towns and London suburbs, where many a work unknown to fame is launched successfully and never heard of again. We hope this may not be the case with "Meribah," a sacred cantata, the words selected from Holy Scripture by the Rev. J. Powell Metcalf, M.A., the music composed by John Naylor, Mus. Doc., Oxon. This clever and musicianly composition is divided into two parts. No. 1, "The Waters of Strife;" No. 2, "The Waters of Life;" the music is good all round, and taken as a whole this cantata reflects credit alike upon the compiler and the composer.—A very charming little poem, by Edward Oxenford, "Say It Again," has been daintily set to music by Mary Ford, a promising young composer.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—There is sterling merit in three anthems by Walter Spinney, who, being himself an organist, understands the requirements for ordinary church choirs. These anthems have already made their mark, and that a good one; the favourite of the group is "Rejoice Ye With Jerusalem," one; the full anthem for all seasons, words from Isaiah lxvi. 10-12. "He Watereth the Hills," a harvest anthem (Psalm civ. 13, 14, 24), is well adapted to the purpose for which it is intended. "The Glory of the Lord Shall Endure for Ever," a full anthem, will prove useful for all times and seasons.

MESSRS. PATEY AND WILLIS.—Another success has been scored by Hamish McCunn, this time in a musically setting of "The Eighth Psalm," for chorus and organ (S. A. T. B.). We can commend this anthem to the attention of church choirs.

MESSRS. SCHOTT AND CO.—A useful little book, adapted for classes or tuition by correspondence, is "Harmony Lessons," by Charles A. Trew. It is divided into sixteen lessons on a progressive system, beginning with "Intervals" and working up to "Modulation." These lessons are clear and concise; the student must be a dullard who does not gather useful information from this clever work.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

WE are not surprised that "A Tale of the House of the Wolfings, and All the Kindreds of the Mark, Written in Prose and in Verse by William Morris" (Reeves and Turner) should have reached a second edition. The reader is taken back in the most delightful fashion into the clearings made by certain Teutonic Kindreds in the primæval forest, some time, we imagine, between the date of the defeat of Varus and the year 400 A.D. Mr. Morris presents us with a very living picture of the old village communities whether accounted for war or for peace. We have the Gothic settlement between wild wood and wild wood, at a period when the traditions of migration from a remote East were still fresh. Soon after the story opens, news is brought to the Hall of the Wolfings that the Romans are in full march for the Mark. Vividly in prose and verse does Mr. Morris picture the rallying of the Kindreds, the choosing of the War-Dukes, the first fights in forest glade and bleak ridge, down to the final slaughter of the Romans by the home of the Wolfings. In these pages we seem to

get behind the inner life of such warriors as fought under Arminius, and of the peoples who raised the forest-like aisles of the great Gothic churches. It is to the praise of Mr. Morris's genius that he contrives to convey to the reader the impression that at last he understands what manner of men his ancestors were. There is much power and pathos in the conflict between the Wood-Sun and her spouse, the War-Duke Thiodolf, as to his wearing the dwarf-wrought hawberk with the curse attached to it. First she overcomes his scruples, and we read: "She cast her arms about him, and fondled him; and her voice grew sweeter than the voice of any mortal thing as she answered:

No ill for thee, beloved, or for me in the hawberk lies;
No sundering grief is in it, no lonely miseries.
But we shall abide together, and that new life I gave,
For a long while yet henceforward we twain its joy shall have.
Yea, if thou dost my bidding to wear my gift in the fight
No hunter of the wild-wood at the changing of the night
Shall see my shape on thy grave-mound, or my tears in the morning find
With the dew of the morning mingled; nor with the evening wind
Shall my body pass the shepherd as he wandereth in the mead
And fill him with forebodings on the eve of the Wolfings' need.
Nor the horse-herd wake in the midnight and hear my fateful cry;
Nor yet shall the Wolfing women hear words on the wind go by
As they weave and spin the night down when the House is gone to the war,
And weep for the swains they wedded and the children that they bore.
You do my bidding, O Folk-wolf, lest a grief of the gods should weigh
On the ancient House of the Wolfings and my death o'ercloud its day.

Thiodolf yields, but in the end, when shame has come to him through the hawberk, puts it off and dies in the hour of victory and triumph. Mr. Morris has done no despite to his literary reputation with "The House of the Wolfings."



THE NEW ART GALLERY AT THE GUILDHALL will be inaugurated early next month with a loan collection of some of the greatest masterpieces possessed by British owners. The collection will remain open for three months.

HEIDELBERG CASTLE is being thoroughly restored. The famous old building has been somewhat dilapidated for a long time past, and so much reparation is needed that the works will occupy several years, and will cost 25,000*l.*

THE COACHING CLUB will hold their first meet of the season next Saturday, May 31st; while the Four-in-Hand Club follow suit on Wednesday, June 11th. Both Clubs meet as usual at the Magazine, Hyde Park, for a drive to Hurlingham.

CHOLERA has broken out near Bagdad, according to report. The Imperial domain of Djedil and the village of Bellek are affected, and have been isolated by a cordon of gendarmes. Meanwhile the Russians are terribly afraid that the disease will appear in their Empire, so the doctors already enforce precautionary measures for the public health.

MR. STANLEY'S MARRIAGE WITH MISS DOROTHY TENNANT will probably take place at Westminster Abbey early in July. The engagement dates from three days before the explorer's departure to take command of the Emin Relief Expedition, but only a few friends knew the secret. The couple were first introduced to each other by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and it was at her house that they met again after over three years' separation, when Mr. Stanley arrived in London. Miss Tennant's artistic talents are well known, and her chief picture this year, "Street Arabs at Play," now exhibited in the New Gallery, has been much praised. Mr. Stanley has just finished revising the proofs of his book, which will be published about June 10th. He recommends that the profits of the "Stanley Exhibition" should be devoted to placing a steamer on the Victoria Nyanza, which, though the largest African lake, does not possess a single steam-vessel.

THE FRENCH EXHIBITION AT EARL'S COURT was not nearly ready when opened by the Lord Mayor on Saturday. The fresh decorations of the galleries were finished; but most of the exhibits remained in their packing-cases. The Art-galleries were best advanced; though they will not be complete before the end of next month, when the closing of the rival Parisian Salons will free the notable pictures of the year for display in England. Judging, however, from present appearances, the Exhibition will be thoroughly attractive, both indoors and out of doors, and will soon be in working order. The gardens look particularly well, with their *cafés*, pavilions, and reproductions of familiar Parisian scenes, besides their musical attractions and illuminations. The Arabs who depict the "Wild East" are ready on the spot, and began their performances in the circus on Wednesday, having previously shown off their skill *impromptu* on the lawns. Certainly there is no lack of Exhibitions in London at present. The Philatelic Exhibition commemorating the Postal Jubilee is exceptionally good, the collection being finer than any yet shown, and being valued at over 100,000*l.* The Duke of Edinburgh sends many rare specimens, and Prince George of Wales is also among the collectors. Then there is a Fan Exhibition, where only British manufactures are represented, much to the credit of the home industry; and, finally, the Armourers and Braziers' Exhibition, which is also composed of purely national handicraft in brass-work.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT's recent visit to China was marked by considerable relaxation of the churlish spirit usually shown by the Chinese to foreign guests. The Shanghai forts and men-of-war fired a Royal salute, which has never before been accorded to any Western Royalty, while the two Taotais—the Governors of the district—welcomed the Duke and Duchess with much formality, and entertained them at dinner in the Tien How-Kung, or Temple of the Queen of Heaven. After tea in the Reception Room, where, according to custom, the hosts sat as far from their guests as possible, the banquet was served in native style, the table being decorated with artificial flowers and tiny dishes of sweet-meats. Birds'-nest soup, fried silver-fish, bamboo shoots, fungus, and hams in honey, were among the national delicacies tasted by the Duke and Duchess, washed down by hot wine, but neither of the Royal guests could manage the chopsticks duly provided. A play was acted during dinner, besides some acrobatic performances to a lively accompaniment of drum and gongs. After the toasts at the close, the Taotais wrote their names in the Duchess's autograph album, and presented her with a Cantonese fan painted with hundreds of Chinese figures and mounted on elaborate ivory sticks. They offered the Duke some finely carved ivory balls, and a gorgeous copy of an address of welcome, emblazoned in gold on crimson silk. The Royal visitors' day was fully occupied by visits to the sights of the city, besides various official duties, and they were much interested in the elaborate decorations and the quaint mottoes hanging across the Bund, such as "Welcome Great Englishmen where Chinese drive." One Chinese inscription in the Duke's honour stated that "His breast for brave defence of his country is like the iron bars of a city gate. His tiger-engraved baton is as good as a wall to bar out the foe," and another equally complimentary effusion set forth that "Full of respect we gaze on his dignified face. All pray that his age may rival that of the hills and his happiness be vast as the sea. All sing songs in honour of the halcyon days of calm and brightness which attend him."

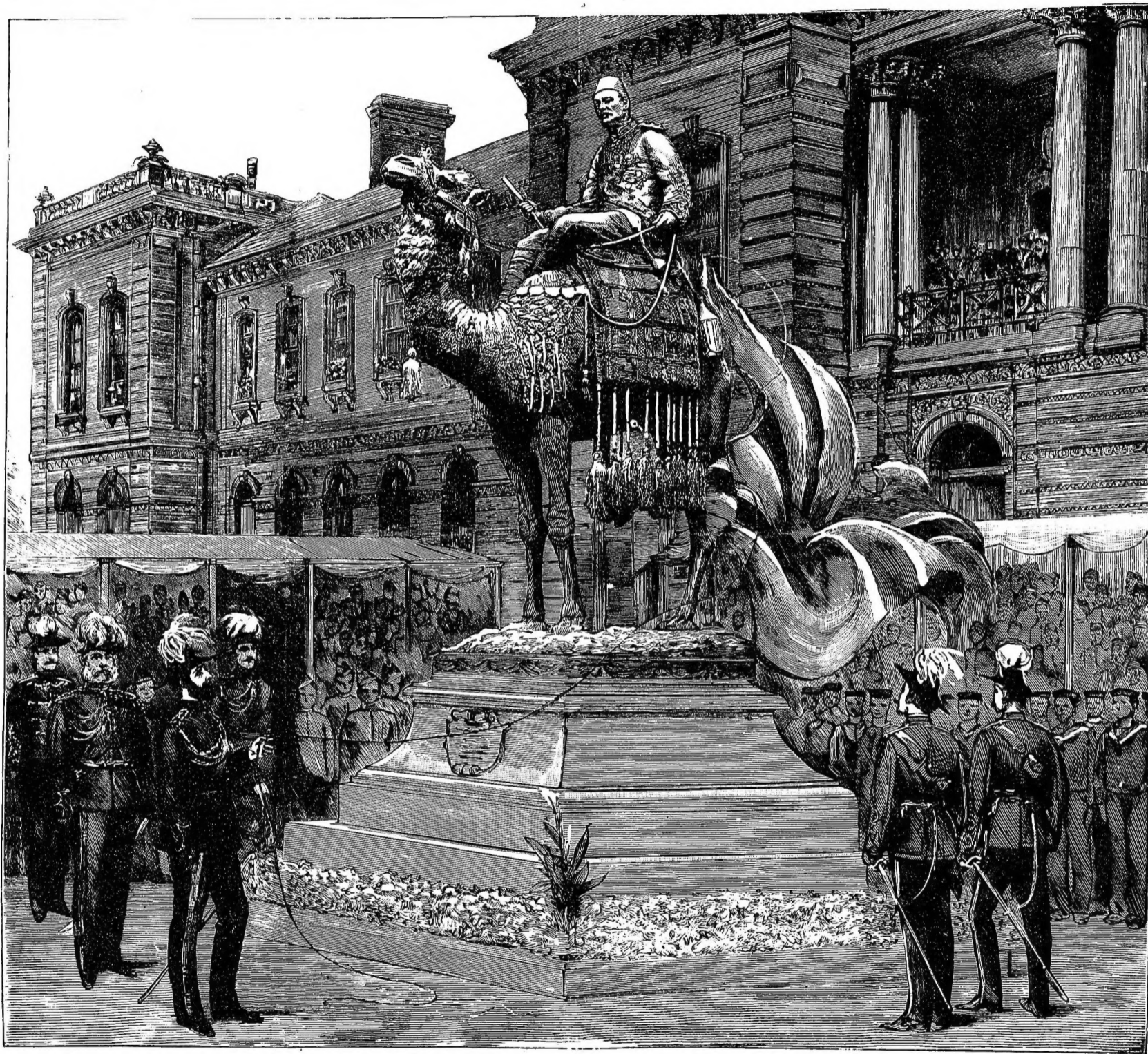
MUSIC

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The opera season at Covent Garden duly opened on Monday with a performance of *Faust*, in which, contrary to the rule on first nights, the principal star of the season, M. Jean de Reszké, took part. M. de Reszké's impersonation of the character of Faust is however too thoroughly well known to need any further detailed description. It will suffice that the famous Polish tenor was in excellent voice, and once more looked and played the rôle of Marguerite's lover practically to perfection. His brother, M. Edouard Reszké, was, owing to sudden illness, replaced in the part of Mephistopheles by M. Darvall, who was heard to less advantage than at Her Majesty's last year. Signor Francesco D'Andrade was the Valentine, and Madame Scalchi the Siebel. The Marguerite was a *débutante*, Madame Nuovina, who during the past season has been *prima donna* at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels. Her voice is somewhat limited in compass, the upper notes being especially weak, and she is not altogether free from the continental

vast army of pianists are already with us, and upwards of a hundred recitals are announced between now and mid-July. We can now deal only briefly with a few of the more recent examples. Herr Stavenhagen has wisely limited his recitals to one, which was given on Friday last week. Liszt's gifted pupil was said to be suffering from indisposition, and for this and other reasons the programme was considerably altered. It, however, included Liszt's by no means interesting sonata in B minor, and also Beethoven's great sonata in A flat, Op. 110, while, on the other hand, Chopin's nocturne in F and one or two other works announced in the programme were not performed. Two of Liszt's studies on themes by Paganini were played in such brilliant fashion that the audience insisted upon encoring them.—Miss Elsie Sonntag, who gave a recital on the same day, is a *débutante*. She is yet too young and was too inexperienced to do herself full justice.—Madame Madeline Schiller on Saturday made her first appearance in England, after an absence in the United States and elsewhere extending over twelve years. Madame Schiller wisely engaged an orchestra conducted by Mr. Henschel, and her great

performed Beethoven's *Pastoral* Sonata, Bach's "Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue," three fugitive pieces by himself, and a large number of works by Schubert, Rubinstein, and Liszt. He now subdued the excessively vigorous style adopted at his first concert, and consequently gave greater pleasure to his audience, particularly in the Chopin pieces, one of which, the *Étude* in F, was repeated. Recitals have also been given by Mr. Aguilar, Mr. Heydrich, Herr Friedheim, and several others.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—The second Richter Concert was given on Monday. The only Wagner items in the programme were the *Tannhäuser* overture, and songs for Mr. Henschel. The scheme also included the *Oberon* overture, Schumann's second symphony, and Bach's triple concerto in A minor for flute, violin, and harpsichord or piano, played by Messrs. Vivian and Schiever, and Madame Helen Hopekirk. The work is an adaptation of an earlier Prelude and Fugue, and one of the organ sonatas.—Madame Marie Rôze gave her concert on Saturday before a large audience. The *prima donna* sang "Ocean, thou mighty monster," the Habanera from



THE PRINCE OF WALES UNVEILING THE STATUE

THE STATUE OF GENERAL GORDON AT THE BROMPTON BARRACKS, CHATHAM

tremolo. Her *début* in short was little better than a *succès d'estime*, and the star of the evening undoubtedly was M. Jean de Reszké. The Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters and eldest son were present, and headed a very brilliant assemblage.

On Tuesday *Carmen* was given, with Miss de Lussan in the titular character, which she played throughout the recent Carl Rosa season, and with a new tenor, Signor Valero, from Milan and Madrid, in the part of José. He is an experienced artist and a fine actor, even condescending to the observance of *minutiae* of facial expression, concerning which the average *primo tenore* rarely troubles himself. Despite, however, the brilliancy of his high chest notes the quality of Signor Valero's voice is not always grateful, and this is the more the pity, inasmuch as the new comer is undoubtedly a vocalist of intelligence. Miss MacIntyre was said to be ill, and the part of Michaela was consequently sustained by a *débutante*, Mille, Colombati, who sang at the Promenade Concerts last year, but, although a promising young singer, was obviously nervous. On Thursday Bizet's *Pêcheurs de Perles* was announced for the *début* of the famous French baritone, M. Dufriche.

PIANOFORTE RECITALS.—The present summer will probably be known to musical history as the season of pianoforte recitals. A

executive powers were consequently heard to their fullest advantage in Liszt's Fantasia on Hungarian airs. She also played one of Mendelssohn's *Charakterstücke* and Chopin's E minor concerto, the *finale* to which was accorded an exceptionally brilliant rendering.—Mr. Franz Rummel gave his second pianoforte recital last week, with an interesting programme.—Mr. Ernest Kiver also last week gave a pianoforte concert. His programme including Dr. Mackenzie's pianoforte quartet in E flat, written in 1865, and more than once heard at the Popular Concerts, Grieg's early sonata in G, Op. 13, in which he was associated with Mr. Carrodus, and five of Dr. Mackenzie's new "Spring Songs," sung by Miss Margaret Hall, two of them, respectively entitled "Hope" and "Summer at Last," being greatly admired.—Mr. Schönberger gave the first of a series of recitals on Thursday, playing Chopin's B minor Sonata and works by Chopin and Rubinstein. He was associated with that excellent vocalist Mr. Max Heinrich, who, amongst other songs, sang some by the late Hugo Brückler, whose early death is so greatly lamented in his native country.—Mr. E. H. Thorne gave a pianoforte concert on Saturday. He produced a new pianoforte trio in C minor by himself, and played the enormously difficult Sonata in B flat, Op. 106, of Beethoven.—M. Paderewski at his second recital on Tuesday

Carmen, and a song by M. Lacome. Mr. Isidore de Lara made his first appearance, and sang "How will it be?" by himself, and Miss Julia Neilson recited, and also sang.—Concerts have also been given since we last wrote by Mr. Bending, Miss Hilda Wilson, Madame Gambogi, the Royal College and Guildhall students, and many others.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Mr. Santley has just composed a new five-part madrigal to Ben Jonson's words, "Slow, slow, fresh count." The manuscript is dated "March 21, Christchurch, New Zealand," and the work will be produced by the Bristol Orpheus Society.—Sir Arthur Sullivan's opera, written for Mr. D'Oyly Carte's new Shaftesbury Avenue Theatre, is upon the subject of "Ivanhoe," and the part of the hero will be sustained by Mr. Ben Davies.—Mr. W. S. Gilbert will be associated with Mr. Alfred Cellier in a new comic opera which will be produced before the end of the year by Messrs. Sedger and Harris, at the Lyric Theatre.—The death is announced, at the age of sixty-seven, of M. Naudin, who for many years was a popular tenor at the Royal Italian Opera.—Mr. Charles Wood, late of the Royal College of Music, will compose the music to the *Ion* of Euripides, which will be produced at Cambridge towards the end of the year.



DRAWN BY PERCY MACQUOID

Whereupon the housemaid said she know'd the young man wasn't waiting there for nothing, and set them down as a pair of sweethearts.

"MADAME LEROUX"

"Too early seen unknown, and known too late."—ROMEO AND JULIET.

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLES," "AMONG ALIENS," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE," &c.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE news in Edgar Tomline's letter that some one was secretly making inquiries about the little girl adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Marston had filled Lucy's heart with hope and anxiety. Night and day she thought of it; imagining now one possibility, now another. The excitement of these unexpected tidings had blunted her feeling of forlornness in parting from the Hawkins's. It had also deadened the sense of strangeness with which she found herself an inmate of such a home as Mrs. Barton's; and had even weakened the painful impression made by Mildred's silence. She had never for a moment doubted Mildred's love and loyalty, but she had been tormented by various conjectures—all more or less disquieting—to account for the utter blank that had come between them.

Lucy would not willingly address Mr. Shard, who had unmistakably shown that he desired to repudiate all responsibility for her, and break off all connection with her. But she had resolved to write to Mr. Arden, the Vicar of Westfield, and ask for news of Miss Enderby, when Tomline's letter put all thoughts to flight for a while, except the thought that she was about to find her mother. True, it might be some other person who was inquiring for her. Indeed, why should her mother make inquiries anonymously? That, Lucy confessed to herself, was strange. But there might be a hundred explanations that were not likely to occur to her mind. The yearning for some sheltering love to which she would have a right to cling was stronger than any arguments. Surely, surely, her longing was about to find fulfilment!

She had written at once to Edgar Tomline, begging him to give her all the details he could. And to this letter Edgar replied at length.

He told her that Mrs. Ellergarth's answer to the anonymous letter was written almost under his dictation; for the old woman could say but little of her own knowledge. Mr. Marston had left the neighbourhood many years ago—shortly after he had adopted the child—and had quite disappeared from Mrs. Ellergarth's horizon. But Edgar had been able to supply the information asked for. He had kept a copy of his answer, for Lucy to see, and hoped to lay before her the anonymous letter of inquiry with which Mrs. Ellergarth had willingly entrusted him, since he purposed arriving in London before the end of the week.

His connection with Dr. Goodchild having come to an end, he was going to join a surgeon in a poor and populous district of London, where there would be a great deal to do, and much experience to be acquired. And as to profit, he was not keen about that; Mr. Tomline, senior, intended to buy his son a practice in Carlisle whenever old Dr. Green should retire.

It is to be feared that all these details, which the young man had

written with the view of showing Lucy that he had a solid position before him, met her eyes without attracting so much as a passing thought from her brain. She was very grateful to him. He had been most good and friendly. But, beyond a general benevolent wish for his well-doing, poor Edgar's plans and prospects were absolutely indifferent to her.

The only point concerning him which interested her was the announcement that he would shortly be in London, and would, with her permission, call and see her. Certainly she must see him; but where? Mrs. Barton, doubtless, would make no objection to his coming to her house. But there would be no opportunity there for a private conversation such as Lucy felt to be necessary. After some consideration, she wrote to Edgar, telling him that she had no place at her own disposal where she could receive him; and that, moreover, her time was not her own; but proposing that he should do her the great favour of meeting her, as soon after eight o'clock in the morning as possible, in a certain square which she named, not far from the dentist's house, where they might talk uninterruptedly. She added that the friends in whose house she had been living had unexpectedly left London, which compelled her to ask this sacrifice of his convenience.

Sacrifice! Could she have known the rapture with which her letter was received, she would certainly have hesitated to send it, eager though she was to hear all that he could tell her.

Edgar wrote instantly from his home—(and rode six miles to post the letter earlier than it could be posted in the ordinary course; with the result that it lay two hours longer than usual in the office at Carlisle!)—saying that he would be at the place indicated on the following Thursday morning at eight o'clock precisely; and that in case it might not suit Miss Marston—for in his excitement he reverted to the name he always called her by in his thoughts—to be there on Thursday, he would make a point of waiting for her from eight to nine o'clock every morning until further notice.

This letter reached her on Monday. On the previous Saturday there had happened the adventure with the drunken groom. Lucy had been still very tremulous and agitated when she reached the Bartons' house that evening; but she had made as light of it as Bartons' house that evening, merely saying that she had been startled by a tipsy man. For the poor sick woman was easily alarmed, and her daughter was compelled to pass through the streets alone every evening.

But to Peggy Barton, Lucy privately related what had happened, and announced her unshakeable resolve never to set foot in the mews again.

This determination she made known on the following Monday by

simply ringing at the dentist's front door, walking in, and desiring the servant to inform Mr. Didear, in case he offered any objection, that Miss Smith had been alarmed and insulted in the mews by a drunken stable-helper, and that she utterly refused to expose herself again to a similar outrage. Lucy further advised Miss Jones and Miss Barton to follow her example. And here she had the support of all the women in the house; Mrs. Parfitt herself declaring that "the papers ought to be wrote to" on the subject, should the Professor prove obdurate.

This extreme appeal to the national Areopagus was not needed, however. The Professor made no overt opposition to the change. He limited the expression of his resentment to scowling ferociously at the "underground young ladies," as the housemaid had styled them, whenever he spoke to them; and carrying his hat down to the writing-room when he went there, in order to have the satisfaction of wearing it in their presence.

Lucy had not given any minute description of the gentleman who had so opportunely come to her rescue. She had merely said that he was very kind and considerate, and had seen her safely into the omnibus before leaving her. But Peggy—whose active fancy frequently worked up the raw material of external facts and sober statements into a tissue as dissimilar from them as purple velvet is from a flaxen cocoon—made up her mind that the rescuer was a fatherly, middle-aged gentleman of muscular proportions and military bearing—probably a colonel! She dwelt with great delight on his prowess in sending the groom spinning against the wall, and afterwards shaking him with violence. And she only wished the gallant stranger could be turned into the writing-room for five minutes with old Diddleum; who would, she opined, emerge from the interview a sadder and a wiser man.

But, although Lucy had spoken little to the Bartons about the gentleman who had protected her, it was not because he was little in her thoughts. So much was he in her thoughts, indeed, that sometimes, having started from a meditation on the anonymous letter to Mrs. Ellergarth, she would find herself arrived, by a circuitous and altogether untraceable route, at wondering if she should ever see Mr. Richard Avon again. She was very glad he had told her his name. It was very, very unlikely that they should ever meet again. Few things, she told herself, were less likely; and yet—

And then the misery of her position would come upon her with a new pang. Was she to pass the rest of her life in sordid drudgery, shut out from all association with persons of the class she had been taught from a child to look upon as her own—persons, in short, of the class of Mr. Richard Avon?

Lucy had never entered fully into her own history with the Bartons; but it needed not that to convince them that she had been

THE GRAPHIC

accustomed to very different surroundings from those of their poor house. And they endeavoured in a thousand ways to spare her the roughnesses inseparable from poverty. If Lucy remonstrated against some indulgence provided specially for her, Peggy would indignantly inquire if she took them to be highway robbers, or brigands of the Alps, that they should receive her money and give no value in return.

And poor Mrs. Barton was stimulated, by her sense of Lucy's gentility, to relate anecdotes of her own youth, when she used to attend a select academy for young ladies, and her papa—a dock-yard clerk at Devonport—had kept very good company, and belonged to a whist club. Peggy would sit by, listening to these reminiscences with great complacency, and perhaps as much enjoyment in the sense that she came of so respectable a stock, as could be felt by a Montmorency. And Peggy's pride of birth took the shape of resolving that she would never willingly disgrace her ancestry—a form of the sentiment which is by no means so universal as could be wished.

Mother and daughter were good, simple, honourable creatures; and Peggy's rather pretty pale face, and *petite* figure, acquired a new attractiveness by a general softening of her demeanour, due to Lucy's silent example. Not that Peggy was ever otherwise than vivacious; with a certain explosive quality in her liveliness, on which the mere mention of Professor Tudway Didear acted as a lighted match on gunpowder.

Thursday morning arrived; and Lucy was careful to be punctual to her appointment. But, punctual as she was, Edgar Tomline was there before her, looming tall and big against the evergreens in the square enclosure, and furnishing a subject of interesting speculation to the housemaids answering the summons of the early milkman. His face was redder than ever, from the effects of the open air life he had been leading at Ravenshaw, and his hair looked more tow-coloured by contrast. Somehow there seemed to hang about him altogether a breath of the strong, moorland air.

Lucy hurried forward, as soon as she caught sight of him, saying, "This is very good of you!" and holding out her hand with cordiality. Whereupon the housemaids said they'd known the young man wasn't waiting there for nothing; and set them down as a pair of sweethearts.

After they had shaken hands, they began to walk up and down the pavement of the square.

"May I see the letter?" were Lucy's first words.

"The letter to Mrs. Ellergarth? Here it is. I guessed you'd like to see it first thing." And Edgar drew from a large pocket-book an envelope, carefully wrapped in tissue paper.

Lucy's hand shook, and she breathed quickly as she took it. Those characters, perhaps, were traced by her mother's hand! The writing was evidently disguised; a round, stiff, writing, sloping from left to right; and the letter was very brief.

A well-wisher desired to know the present address of Mr. William Marston, solicitor, who adopted a little girl left at nurse with Mrs. Ellergarth, of Libburn Farm, eighteen years ago; and whether the child were still living. Reply to be sent in the enclosed stamped and directed cover.

"A well-wisher," repeated Lucy, dropping her hands and looking straight before her. She felt chilled. No, it could not be her mother who wrote in that hard, curt tone.

Edgar, watching her face, saw the expectant light die out of her eyes, and the flush fade from her cheeks.

"It's may be some of your father's family asking after you," said he tentatively.

"Perhaps."

"Or, may be, it is some one charged to—Mrs. Smith might have left some—some little token, you know," said Edgar, trying to suggest as delicately as possible the idea which Lucy the next moment uttered in a dull, hopeless voice. "Yes, she must be dead. I believe, now, that my mother is dead."

The disappointment was too cruel. The tears brimmed over, and she let them trickle down her cheeks unheeded.

Poor Tomline was greatly distressed and surprised. What had she been counting on? What had happened different from what she had been led to expect?

"I hope I didn't make any blunder in my letter, Miss Marston," he said earnestly. "I'm very awkward with my pen, I know. I hope I didn't lead you to fancy—" He stopped, uncertain as to what might have been in her mind.

"No, no, no," she said, wiping away her tears. "It's not your fault at all. It is nobody's fault. I was foolishly hopeful. I could not"—choking back a sob—"could not help hoping that the letter might be from my mother."

Poor Edgar felt very miserable. He thoroughly believed that Mrs. Smith must have died long ago. But it is to be feared that he would have belied his belief, to comfort Lucy, if he had had the least idea how to set about it. But he could only say, "Nay, now, Miss Marston, don't put yourself about so!" and stand, looking at her in helpless sympathy.

At length he said timidly, "Would you like to see the copy of the answer we sent, Miss Marston—Smith, I mean?"

"Oh, it does not matter," answered Lucy listlessly. "I dare say you said what was right."

But then, seeing that he looked greatly dejected, she exerted herself to speak more graciously. He had been so wonderfully kind and unselfish that it was hard on him to show no interest in what he had done for her. The uses of adversity are not sweet except to sweet natures. But Lucy's native goodness of heart had been receiving valuable discipline from it. The claims of others—not merely those to whom affection flowed out spontaneously, but the uninteresting people who, at any rate, must be interesting to themselves—their sacrifices and sorrows; the comfort that might be administered to them by a word or a look in season; all these had been vividly realised by her of late.

"It is very good of you to have taken so much trouble," she said, "and, if you will give me your copy of the letter, I shall be glad to read it at leisure. But I am quite sure it is all it ought to be."

"Oh, trouble, Miss Lucy! Don't speak of 'trouble'!" returned Edgar, brightening up again; and he added, with a touch of the canny North, "you know it would never do to just let the thing drop, even if Mrs. Smith is no more. There may be a bit of brass coming to you—money, you know; and, indeed, I fancy myself that's what will turn out to be the case. Oh, and, Miss Lucy" (having once ventured to use her Christian name, he recurred to it with a secret enjoyment in the utterance of the syllables), "I particularly wanted to tell you a queer thing—a regular coincidence. The address where you are living now—that's on the top of your last letter to me, you know—"

"Yes?"

"Well, it's in the very same street that the answer to the anonymous letter was sent to!"

"That is a strange chance, truly!"

"Isn't it? I've got the direction here. We sent back the envelope, but I copied it. It's a foreign name. Here it is."

"Restaurant du Mont Blanc!" exclaimed Lucy, glancing at the paper he showed her. "Why that is on the ground floor of the house where I am lodging!"

"You don't say so? Well!—that beats everything!"

Lucy rapidly called to mind having heard Zephyr say that he knew something of the restaurant keeper, Montondon, and resolved to tell him the whole story of the anonymous letter. Zephyr had inspired her with something of the same confidence which Fatima

had in him—a belief, not only in his uncompromising sincerity, but in the strong sagacity which seemed, somehow, to belong to it as its natural correlative. She was silent, pacing along with a preoccupied face, and Edgar paced silently beside her.

At length the sound of a neighbouring church clock chiming the three-quarters past eight made her look up and say—

"I must be going now; I have work to do, and must not be late."

Then she told him in a few words of her engagement with Mr. Tudway Didear.

Edgar asked leave to walk with her to her destination, and as they moved away from the square he told her that he had seen Mr. Shard in London the previous day, at a chop-house where he dined: and that it appeared, from what Mr. Shard had said, as if he meant to settle himself in London altogether.

"What can he do in London?" asked Lucy, wonderingly.

"Well, by what he said, I fancy it's something in the nature of a private loan society he's after. He asked me if I wanted to borrow, and told me he would make things easy for me if I did, for he knew all about Mr. Tomline, of Ravenshaw! He says he's going to make his fortune, and has succeeded to the connection of a wonderful man of business—somebody called Clapper, or Clamper, or—"

"Not Clampitt!" cried Lucy.

"Why, I do believe that was the name!" answered Tomline, considerably astonished that Lucy should have any knowledge of such a person. But Lucy immediately dismissed Mr. Clampitt from her mind to ask with eagerness if Mr. Shard had said anything about Mildred.

It appeared that Mr. Shard had not spoken of Miss Enderby at all, but had been very wrathful against Lord Grimstock, who, he declared, had treated him shamefully. But Tomline had heard from Mrs. Goodchild that Miss Enderby had come back to England almost entirely restored to health, but was not to be at Enderby Court for the present.

"She has been ill, then? Oh, I wish I could hear from her! I wish I knew where she was!"

"I'll find out for you, Miss Lucy; no difficulty in the matter. I'll get her address for you by to-morrow or next day."

She thanked him, and quickened her pace; for it now wanted but a few minutes to nine o'clock, and they were within sight of the dentist's crimson house-front.

"When may I see you again, Miss Lucy? Mayn't I call?" he asked, wistfully.

She reflected a moment, and then told him that she believed there would be no objection to his coming, but that his visit had better be paid on Sunday. "It is a very poor, humble place, Mr. Tomline," she said, actuated chiefly by the wish to spare him a shock of painful surprise.

"It can't, I'm sure, be humble, when it must be proud to shelter—I mean—at least—I could never deem it poor," stammered Edgar, finding his compliment twisting and curling itself unmanageably, like an awkwardly-cast fishing-line.

"Oh, yes, indeed, it is very poor; but I am thankful to be with excellent people. Thank you again, a thousand times! Good bye! I have been dreadfully selfish; I have not asked about your mother, nor said a word of your own plans. But you will tell me all that on Sunday. Good bye!"

He walked away, feeling the touch of her little hand thrilling through him—more in love than ever, but conscious of an interior warning voice which told him his love was hopeless, and resenting it almost as if it had been the voice of some common-sensible friend in the flesh.

On the Saturday night, when Lucy returned from her extra hours of work, she found a note from Edgar Tomline, stating that he had learned, on inquiry from the housekeeper at Enderby Court, that letters for Lady Charlotte and Miss Enderby were to be forwarded to the care of Richard Avon, Esquire, Avonthorpe, near Redminster, Somersetshire.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ZEPHANY had by no means slackened in his interest in Miss Smith, or in his desire to serve her. It was not his way to slacken in his friendships; a result much helped by his constitutional aversion from professing more than he felt.

When, therefore, he received a letter from Lucy narrating the history of the inquiries made for her by the person signing "a well-wisher," he at once threw himself into the matter with all his characteristic energy.

It struck him at once as singular that the address given by the anonymous writer should be Louis Montondon's. Zephyr had in his time been acquainted with many frequenters of the Restaurant du Mont Blanc (mostly poor artists—pictorial, lyric, and dramatic—with a sprinkling of the less violent political refugees; for Montondon objected to conspirators, mainly on the ground that it was extremely difficult to divert their energies from unsettling Europe to settling their score); but there had never been among them any persons of the class to which the late Josiah Smith, second in command of the ill-fated ship *Siren*, could possibly be supposed to belong.

True, Montondon might have known such persons in other ways; or the writer of the inquiry might not belong to the shipwrecked man at all. Zephyr took the directest road to satisfy his doubts. He asked Montondon who was the person for whom letters under the initials "E. L." were addressed to his care.

Montondon made no mystery of the matter. They were for the singer, Leroux, who was dying there a few doors away. Zephyr was one of those who knew that Madame Leroux's husband was still alive; and had even gone to see him occasionally before his malady had made so much progress, as Montondon was aware.

"Is Monsieur Leroux able to come here for his letters, then?" asked Zephyr, with intently knitted brow.

"Oh, *mais non*!" Monsieur Leroux was unable to leave his room, except sometimes for an hour's drive, when the sun shone. It was Madame who called for the letters when she came to see her husband; which she did now every day. The letters lay in Montondon's little bureau until she fetched them. Those were her orders. Monsieur was not to be disturbed or worried by correspondence. Even his lodging-house bill was sent in the same way to Madame.

It was on the Saturday evening that Zephyr made these inquiries, and he walked about for an hour afterwards, cogitating with his hat tilted over his eyes—(Zephyr invariably wore a tall, stiff, chimney-pot hat, than which nothing more incongruous with his flexible, sun-tinted, Oriental visage, could be conceived!)—his hands thrust deep into his pockets, and a meditative frown on his forehead. He made up his mind to see Miss Smith on the following day—Sunday, when he knew she would be at leisure—and to find out, if possible, what ideas and hopes she had based on the letter. And meanwhile he resolved to say nothing to her of the discovery he had made at Montondon's.

He had besides another excuse for seeing Miss Smith immediately in the shape of a little note to her from Fatima, which Fatima had charged him to deliver himself, in order that he might in his reply give her an eye-witness's report of how Miss Smith was looking.

Zephyr had visited Mrs. Barton's fourth floor more than once already since Lucy had taken up her abode there, and Mrs. Barton, though still greatly in awe of him, yet had a kind of tremulous pride in receiving a gentleman of such distinguished appearance, with such very black moustaches and such dazzlingly white teeth,

that, as she confided to her daughter, she thought he looked for all the world like a Count. This comparison arose from sundry floating recollections of provincial theatre-going in her youth. But when Peggy, nurtured on the more modern stage-practice, wherein "Counts," whether virtuous or villainous, are represented with a certain deadly repose of manner, and converse with an almost inaudible realism, shook her head and smiled, the old lady bridled up and answered,

"Well, my dear, but he *may* be a Count in his own country for all we can tell! Foreigners often are, you know; and from the way he has with him, I should think he very likely was."

Mrs. Barton also was secretly very proud of the wonderful way in which her daughter "stood up" to this formidable gentleman, and which her jokes with him as cool and easy as you please. Zephyr, cut her real, delighted in Peggy's sharp mother-wit, to which her real inexperience and simplicity on many points gave a peculiar piquancy. He would draw her out on the subject of Professor Tudway Didear, laughing like a schoolboy at her sallies, but frequently ending with an explosion of polyglot invective against the dentist, uttered in a loud, threatening tone.

"No! It is too much! *Brigand! Misérable!* Tell me no more, or I must go and str-rangle him. *Picaron!*"

As Zephyr mounted towards the fourth floor on Sunday evening he was surprised to hear a man's voice in Mrs. Barton's room. His senses were all remarkably acute, and he distinguished the masculine tones before arriving at the top of the staircase. The impulse of most human beings when surprised or startled by any unexpected object (moral or physical) in their pathway, is to stand still—at least momentarily. Zephyr's impulse always was to quicken his pace and rush at it. He was, therefore, somewhat out of breath when, in answer to his sharp, decisive tap at the door, Peggy's voice chirped "Come in," and he entered.

There was the tea-table drawn up before the fire as usual; there was the bed gracefully disguised as a mere sofa, or divan, by the innocent device of spreading Mrs. Barton's Paisley shawl over the patchwork counterpane; there was Mrs. Barton in her Sunday cap; there was Peggy, less resplendent in the article of neck-ribbon than of yore (for she accepted Miss Smith's severe taste as an unimpeachable model), but still a great deal more resplendent than Lucy (for unimpeachable models are sometimes rather trying to follow); there was Lucy herself, in her accustomed corner of the fire-place; there, in short, was everything as usual, *plus* something altogether unusual: namely, a long-legged, large-boned young man, in country-made clothes, sitting a little behind the line of Mrs. Barton's chair, and from that ambush, gazing at the unconscious countenance of Miss Lucy Smith on the other side of the hearth.

Zephyr took it all in in a flash.

He had never beheld Edgar Tomline in his life; but he at once identified him as the writer of the kind letter about Lucy's birth-place, of whom Fatima had told him. And he perceived, moreover, what Fatima had not hinted at—that the young man was over head and ears in love with Miss Smith, and that Miss Smith had not the least idea of it.

The introduction between the two men was accomplished with celerity; as, indeed, most things had to be, wherein Ferdinand Zephyr played any principal part; and then Zephyr perceived a use to which this red-faced, tow-headed young giant could at once be put.

"Will you, sir," said Zephyr, in his firm, emphatic tones, "be so good as to entertain Madame Barton and Miss Peggy for a few moments, while I say a word on private matters to Miss Smith?" And, thereupon, he drew Lucy as far as he could away from the others—it was not very far—closer to the window, and began talking to her in a low voice.

Under any circumstances the injunction to "entertain" any one by his conversation would have been sufficient to embarrass Edgar Tomline; but, coupled with his jealous astonishment at beholding this bearded stranger talking to Lucy with an air of confidential familiarity, it made him absolutely dumb.

Quick little Peggy, however, who already had some suspicion of his feeling for Lucy, came gallantly to the rescue, and chattered away until the brief private audience was over; Mrs. Barton, meanwhile, wondering what had come to Peggy that she would not let Mr. Tomline get in a word edgewise!

"My advice is, simply, wait and see!" said Zephyr, aloud, as he returned towards the group near the fire.

"That is just what Mr. Tomline has advised. You see I have had good counsel already. I cannot tell you how kind Mr. Tomline has been to me," said Lucy, with a smile in Mr. Tomline's direction, which made Mr. Tomline's face one scarlet blush to the very tips of his ears.

Then Zephyr delivered Fatima's note, and they spoke of the Hawkins's, who were all now in Paris, it appeared, where some of Marie's connections were kind to them.

"I hope I shall see Fatima again," said Lucy, warmly; "she was very good to me."

"Poor little Fatima!" said Zephyr, with the peculiar, slow, shy smile which the mention of Fatima always called into his face. "She is good—not false, not envious, not a humbug!"

Lucy told him that she had just heard of another friend, Miss Enderby, whose address Mr. Tomline had been good enough to send her yesterday, and to whom she had written a long letter that afternoon.

Edgar Tomline upon this launched out into a description of the stateliness and luxury of Enderby Court. Few men were less boastful by nature than he; but he could not help being a little boastful on Lucy's behalf. Despite her word of warning, he had been surprised and dismayed to find her an inmate of such a house as the Barton's; and it was chiefly to relieve his own feelings that he dwelt on the grandeur of the Enderby's and the high place Miss Lucy had occupied in their regard. He could not bear that these people should be ignorant, not only of the jewel that shone in their midst, but that the jewel had once been placed in a proper setting.

The Bartons listened eagerly to these revelations, which surpassed Peggy's loftiest imaginings, although, as she afterwards reminded her mother, she had always been sure that Miss Smith was a real, right-down, thorough-paced lady, and none of your Brummagem, thin-plated articles that don't look decent for five minutes anywhere out of the shop.

Lucy, however, gradually led Edgar away from this theme, and drew him on to talk of his home and his mother, and the great wide fields among which he had been born and reared; and to these descriptions also, the London-nurtured Peggy listened with the sense of a general widening of her horizon, and the simplest-minded admiration; although she declared, with a little gasp, that she thought such a tremendous lot of fresh air all at once would make her feel tipsy!

When Zephyr rose to go away, Tomline rose also, as in duty bound; and the elder man invited the younger to accompany him home. He had observed the young surgeon with that keen, penetrating eye of his, and had recognised the sound good sense and steady manfulness underlying the nervous perturbation which Lucy's presence caused in his demeanour. And, since it was evident the young man had considerable knowledge of Lucy's friends, he resolved to confide to him some part of the perplexity and anxiety on her account which had been caused by his discovery at Montondon's on the previous day.

As they walked along he did tell him this much: that he had reason to fear (from some inquiries he had made) the persons

inquiring for Miss Smith were not such as it would be for her happiness or welfare to be connected with.

"She believes, now, that her mother is dead," said Tomline. "Better so," answered Zephany quickly. And then they were both silent for some time.

"I am glad," said Zephany, after this pause, "that the young lady she is so much attached to—Miss Erderby—has come back to England. Her friendship and countenance may be of great value. I hope she will be kind to Miss Smith. Do you think she will?"

"Kind to her!" burst out Tomline. "Why, she adores her! Any man, woman, or child in Westfield can tell you that she was brought up just like a sister of Miss Enderby's."

"Good, good! Still, the young lady seems to have neglected her friend rather strangely for some time."

"Oh, there may have been all sorts of reasons. Her father died; and, I'm told, she has been ill. And then I dare say Miss Lucy never let her know how badly off she was. I'm sure she didn't. Miss Lucy has such a spirit of independence. But a woman can't be independent. I don't hold with all that sort of talk. Every

There certainly might be more than one Mr. Richard Avon in the world.

She had written a long letter to Mildred, recapitulating many things contained in some of her previous letters, which she now had reason to think might never have reached their destination. She had told her of her dismissal from Madame Leroux's; of the departure of the Hawkins's; of her engagement with Mr. Tudway Didear; of Mr. Shard's evident abandonment of her; and of the good people with whom she had found a refuge. But about Mr. Richard Avon she had not said one word. She could tell Mildred when they should meet. (Mildred would surely be let to see her!) And—and he might not be the same person who had rescued her. And, probably, he had never spoken of the incident, which was not likely to have made any particular impression on him. And—in a word, she felt an unconquerable shy reluctance to say anything on the subject.

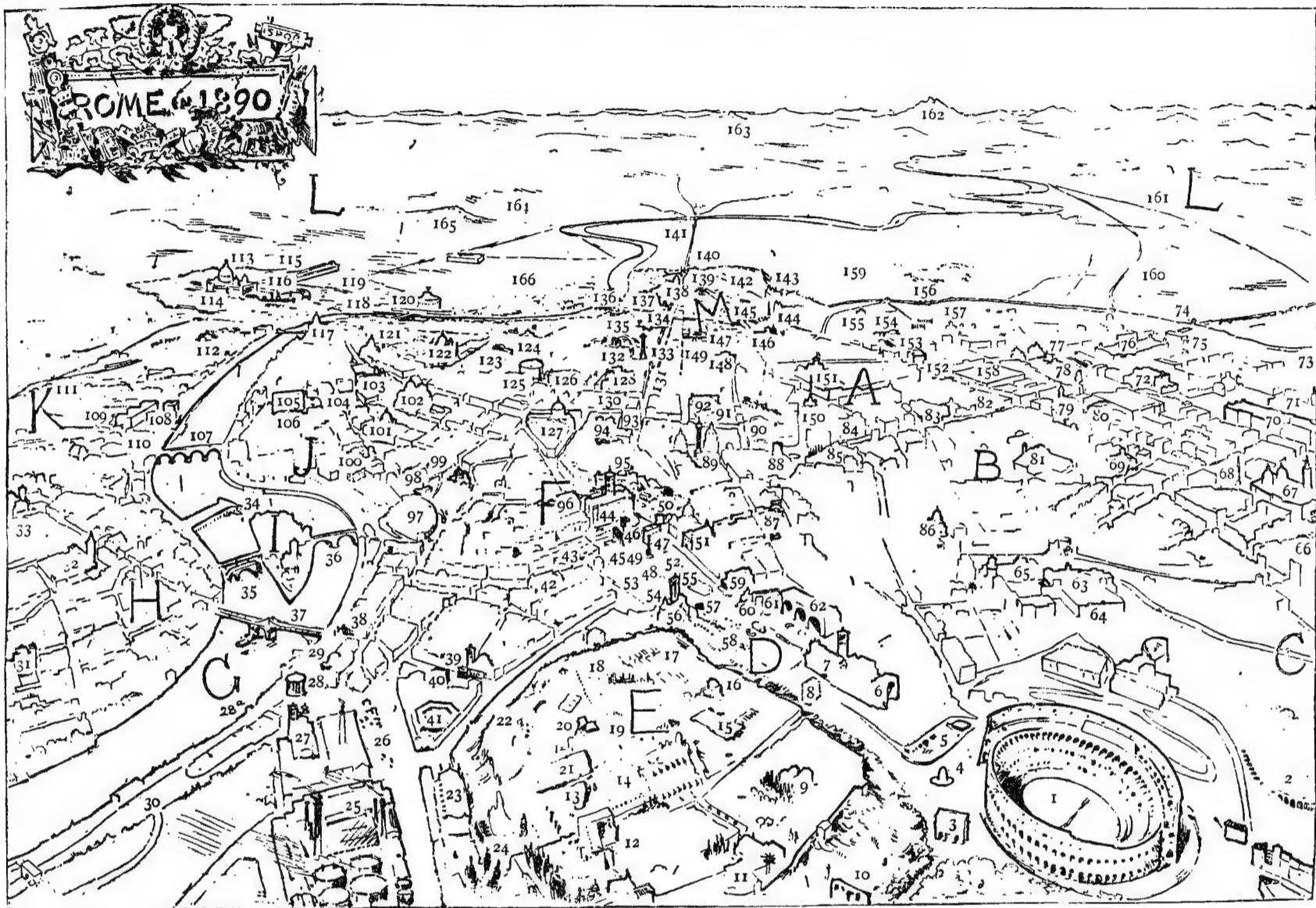
Very few of us hesitate to pronounce glibly on the "probable" and "improbable" in human conduct. (As to the representations of human conduct in any of the forms of Art which deal with it, we are infallibly sure of our probabilities there.)

of the Colosseum in six steps, and the Pantheon figures as a pile of five dish-covers.

This particular plan was made before the nave and colonnade of St. Peter's were added to the great work by Maderno and Bernini, or the nearest of the domes, in 1611, to the church of St. Maria Maggiore. By the middle of the seventeenth century the views are much better, though one dated 1650 gives the Egyptian obelisk in front of St. Peter's as larger than Trajan's Column. In the beginning of the eighteenth century the maps were greatly improved, and in 1730 Rossi published a new edition of a large raised map of the city which shows topography and architecture very correctly, and is really a fine production.

In 1748, Nolli produced a plain map, similar and nearly equal to the best modern work of its class, and improvements are such that now one can buy a wonderfully accurate and clear plan of Rome for one franc.

Of views without any pretension to show the plan of the streets, one of the earliest was by Silvestre in 1687, taken from the Pincio Hill. But the best known is probably the large view by Vasi, taken from St. Pietro in Montorio on the Janiculum (just outside



- A. Quirinal
- B. Viminal
- C. Esquiline
- D. Forum Romanum
- E. Palatine Hill
- F. Capitol
- G. Tiber
- H. Trastevere
- I. Island of St. Bartholomew
- J. Ghetto
- K. Janiculum Hill
- L. The Campagna, Northwards
- M. The Strangers' Quarter
1. Colosseum
2. Baths of Titus
3. Arch of Constantine
4. Meta Sudans (Fountain by Domitian)
5. Base of Nero's Statue
6. Temple of Venus and Roma
7. S. Francesca Romana
8. Arch of Titus
9. Convent of S. Sebastiano
10. Aqueduct of Claudia
11. Convent of S. Bonaventura
12. Villa Mills (Nunnery)
13. Loggia of the Farnese Villa
14. Palace of the Flavii
15. Temple of Jupiter Victor
16. Temple of Remulus and Remus
17. S. Anastasia
18. Pædagogium (School for Imperial Slaves)
19. Gas Works and Site of Circus Maximus

26. Fruit and Vegetable Market
27. S. Maria in Cosmedin
28. Temple of Vesta
29. Mouth of Cloaca Maxima
30. Temple of Fortuna Virilis
31. Road to S. Paul-outside-the-Walls
32. S. Cecilia
33. S. Crisogono
34. S. Maria in Trastevere
35. New Bridge
36. Ponte S. Bartolomeo
37. Ponte di Quattro Capi
38. Ponte Rotto (Site of Bridge held by Horatius)
39. House of Rienzi
40. S. Giorgio in Velabro and Arch of the Money-Changers
41. Janus Quadrifrons
42. Fish Market
43. S. Consolazione
44. Tarpæian Rock
45. Palace of the Senators and Tabularium
46. Temple of Saturn
47. Temple of Vespasian
48. Arch of Septimius Severus
49. Column of Phocas
50. Rostæ (of Julius Cæsar)
51. Mamertine Prison
52. S. Adriano
53. Sacra Via
54. Basilica Julia
55. Cloaca Maxima
56. Temple of Castor and Pollux
57. S. Maria Liberatrice
58. Temple of Vesta
59. House of the Vestal Virgins
60. S. Lorenzo in Miranda (Ancient Temple of Faustina)
61. Temple of Romulus

61. SS. Cosmas and Damianus
62. Basilica of Constantine
63. S. Pietro in Vincoli
64. Scuola di Applicazione
65. Palace of Lucrezia Borgia
66. S. Prassede
67. Basilica of S. Maria Maggiore
68. Piazza dell' Esquilino and Obelisk
69. S. Pudenziano
70. Railway Station
71. Custom House
72. S. Maria degli Angeli (part of Baths of Diocletian)
73. Prætorian Camp
74. Porta Pia
75. British Embassy
76. Finance Office
77. Fontanone dell' Aqua Felice
78. S. Bernardo (part of Diocletian's Baths)
79. American Church
80. Theatre Costanzi
81. S. Lorenzo in Panisperna
82. Via Nazionale
83. Palazzo delle Belle Arti
84. Palazzo Rospigliosi
85. Villa Aldobrandini
86. S. Maria di Monti
87. Temple of Nerva
88. Torre di Nerone
89. Trajan's Forum and Column
90. National Dramatic Theatre
91. Palazzo Colonna
92. S. Apostoli
93. Piazza di Venezia
94. S. Marco and Palazzo di Venezia
95. S. Maria in Ara Coeli
96. Palace of the Conservatori, Museum
97. Theatre of Marcellus, Orsini Palace and (a) Piazza Montanara

98. Portico of Octavia
99. S. Maria in Campitelli
100. Palazzo Cenci
101. S. Carlo e Catinari
102. S. Andrea della Valle
103. Palazzo della Cancelleria
104. Campo di Fiore
105. Farnese Palace
106. Spada Palace
107. Ponte Sisto
108. Villa Farnesina
109. Corsini Palace
110. Porta Settimiana
111. New Passeggio Pubblico
112. S. Onofrio
113. S. Peter's
114. Sacristy
115. Galleries of the Vatican
116. Papal Residence, etc., Raphael's Loggia and Sistine Chapel
117. S. Giovanni de' Fiorentini
118. Ospedale di S. Spirito
119. The Borgo
120. Castle and Bridge of S. Angelo
121. Chiesa Nuova
122. Piazza Navona (Ancient Stadium of Domitian)
123. S. Luigi de' Francesi
124. S. Agostino
125. Pantheon
126. S. Maria Sopra Minerva
127. Church of Gesù
128. Collegio Romano, Observatory, Museo Kircheriano, and S. Ignazio
129. Doric Palace
130. Corso
131. Camera de' Deputati, Monte Citorio
132. Piazza Colonna and Column of Marcus Aurelius

134. S. Lorenzo in Lucina
135. Borghese Palace
136. Ponte di Ripetta
137. Mausoleum of Augustus
138. S. Carlo al Corso
139. Piazza del Popolo
140. English Church
141. S. Maria del Popolo and Porta del Popolo
142. Casino of Pope Julius III.
143. Ponte Molle
144. The Pincio
145. Villa Medici
146. S. Trinità de' Monti
147. Piazza di Spagna
148. S. Andrea delle Fratte
149. Post and Telegraph Office
150. Fontana di Trevi
151. S. Claudio (and British Consulate)
152. Monte Cavallo (Piazza del Quirinale, Site of Baths of Constantine)
153. Royal Palace, Quirinale
154. Quattro Fontane
155. Barberini Palace and Piazza, with Fontana del Tritone
156. S. Maria della Concezione
157. Cusino, Villa Ludovisi
158. Wall of Aurelian
159. Grounds of Villa Ludovisi, now being built on
160. War Office
161. Villa Borghese
162. Villa Albani
163. Railway
164. Monte Soracte
165. Monte Razzaro
166. Villa Madama
167. Monte Mario
168. Prati di Castello (New Quarter)

woman ought to have a man to take care of her, and be independent for her."

"Certainly," said Zephany, flashing a quick look at him. "And we all ought to be healthy, wealthy, and wise; and the sucklings should, by rights, run about ready roasted. They manage these things better in *Schlaraffenland*. But come in and have a cigar."

Meanwhile Lucy was sitting in her poor little whitewashed chamber, with clasped hands and downcast eyes, and all the rich waves of her dark hair about her shoulders, plunged in maiden meditation.

So many things had happened within a few days: the letter to Liburn Mr. Shard's appearance in town, the news of Mildred's return to England. It was on this latter point that her thoughts were chiefly dwelling—on this, and on the singular chance that Mildred's host should be the gentleman who had protected her (Lucy) from the groom's drunken brutality; for how could she think of the one without the other?

And yet sometimes she doubted whether it was the same person in whose house Mildred and Lady Charlotte were now staying,

And yet it must be within the experience of most of us, that we often act differently, not only from what our friends expected of us, but from what we should beforehand have expected of ourselves.

(To be continued)

ROME IN 1890

THE bird's-eye view of Rome published to-day is supposed to be taken 2,000 feet above the Via Appia, within the city wall and near the Baths of Caracalla.

There have been many drawings of Rome made, perhaps of no place more, but this view looking north has not, to our knowledge, been published before. It is rather remarkable that in the palmy days of the Renaissance, when Raphael and Michael Angelo were, by their splendid works, adding lustre to the fame of the Eternal City, the maps published, if any, were extremely poor, and the few early views of the city and district in the British Museum are remarkable for anything but accuracy and beauty. Towards the close of the sixteenth century, one drawing represents the interior

the left of the drawing), which shows down into the town a little more than one can actually see from this moderate height. And since then this has been the favourite point of view, not only with tourists, but with artists and photographers, and is that published by Baedeker in his guide-book, and is now repeatedly photographed. A copy of Vasi's print may be seen framed in Sir John Soane's Museum, Lincoln's Inn Fields. He, Piranesi, and others have also published hundreds of beautiful and vigorous views in Rome amongst the antiquities. The view from the Pincio is almost equally popular with that from the Janiculum, and a favourite with photographers, while several other of the heights give beautiful views.

Our view is a medium between the old raised plan and the modern literal photographic view, slightly exaggerating the size of the principal buildings for the sake of clearness; and we trust that this very correct view into the most interesting and crowded part of the city will prove worth the great labour bestowed on its production.

It may be objected that the northward view makes it impossible to show a few of the "lions" which are now behind the spectator. The chief of these are St. Clemente (to the south-east of the

CZARINA OF RUSSIA

KING OF GREECE

DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND

CZAREVICH OF RUSSIA

PRINCESS MAUD
OF WALES

PRINCE ALBERT
VICIOR

PRINCESS VICTORIA
OF WALES



FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARY STEEN

PRINCESS OF WALES

PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES

PRINCESS MARY LOUISE
OF CUMBERLAND

PRINCE GEORGE WILLIAM
OF CUMBERLAND

PRINCESS LOUISE OF WALES
(DUCHESS OF THE)

QUEEN OF DENMARK

A FAMILY RE-UNION AT THE CASTLE OF FREDENSBORG, DENMARK

Colosseum), St. John Lateran (further on still), the distant Via Appia and Sabine Hills, and St. Paul-outside-the-walls. But this view has not only the advantage of novelty, but also that of bringing into the foreground the most interesting remains of ancient Rome, and this more than compensates for the loss. Neither is this a panorama, looking round to the right and left for half a circle, but it is a view one would actually get at that height.

Underneath, and immediately in front of the spectator, lies the Rome of the Kings, of the Republic, and of the Imperial Cæsars, on its seven hills, once crowded with gorgeous palaces, white marble temples, and gilded roofs, and alive with the magnificent triumph of the victorious general, or the shouting of the 87,000 witnessing, in the Colosseum, the bloody games provided to keep them quiet. But all this splendour has gone, and for one thousand years the site of the palaces, temples, and forums has been little else than a solitude of vineyards and projecting ruins; though recently the vineyards have been levelled into streets, but this time swarming with plebeian life; while the ruins are now carefully excavated and guarded from further damage. In the middle distance beyond the Capitol, on the plain (formerly Campus Martius), lies the Rome of the Popes and Princes, and the crowd of splendid churches and palaces bear witness to the wealth and skill of the Middle Ages, and not less to the extent to which they robbed the Colosseum, and other relics of their ancestors, to procure stone and make lime for their sumptuous buildings.

But in the midst of these, also, there are many remains of ancient Rome, notably the Baths of Diocletian, the Columns of Trajan and Marcus Aurelius, the Pantheon, and the Castle of St. Angelo, once the mausoleum of Hadrian. Away, beyond the wall which Aurelian was obliged to build against the incursions of the barbarians, lies the great encircling Campagna, through which the old Roman armies marched up the Via Flaminia, across the Ponte Molle, to conquer Europe, and down whose unhealthy wastes the barbarians swarmed to the sack of decaying Rome. From between the distant hills the foot-sore pilgrims for the past three hundred years have had their first view of the mighty dome, and raised the cry of "Ecco Roma!"

On the right, among the most prominent buildings, will be observed the Colosseum, probably called after the great statue of Nero, which stood on the square plinth seen above it, and which once decorated the "Golden Palace" near, afterwards made into the Baths of Titus. Near it is the Arch of Constantine, at the entrance of the Great Forum is the Arch of Titus, and at the other end of the Forum that of Septimius Severus. Towards the lower end of the Forum is the basis on which stood the round Temple of Vesta, and opposite to it the huge remains of the Basilica of Constantine. Of the glories of the Forum little now remain but a few beautiful fragments of temples and halls, though a work of practical utility in the great Cloaca Maxima, which drained the low-lying ground and emptied itself into the Tiber near, is still in active operation. Above the Forum is the historic Capitoline Hill, up which wound the Sacra Via to its temples and citadel. But the buildings there, with the exception of the basement of that overlooking the Forum, are of the Middle Age, and largely indebted to Michael Angelo for their present appearance. To the right of this is the Column and Forum of Trajan, and near is a mediæval brick tower from which point Nero is said to have witnessed the conflagration of Rome. In the middle foreground is the Palatine Hill, once covered with the palaces of the Cæsars, and recently excavated for our bewilderment and instruction. This was the original Roma Quadrata, and parts of the very ancient wall still exist. On its north side a cave is shown supposed to be that in which the wolf sought refuge when driven from the twins by the shepherds.

At the left of the hill lay the Circus Maximus, but the nearly 400,000 spectators are now replaced by the gasworks, Jews' cemetery, &c. Almost on the site of the nearest bridge once stood the wooden structure which Horatius held against Lars Porsena, and at this end of it was the large Cattle Market. The two bridges connecting the island are of Roman construction, as is also that across to the Castle of St. Angelo. To the right of the island lies the Theatre of Marcellus, on whose ruins the Orsini built a palace, afterwards occupied by the historian Niebuhr while Prussian Ambassador, and in front of it is the Piazza Montanara, chiefly frequented by the picturesque peasants. The poorest quarter is the Trastevere (to the left of the river), though the Jews' quarter just above the island shares that honour. This last, however, is being largely pulled down, to the grief of the painters, who, however, have suffered most by the widening of the river, which has necessitated the clearing away of the picturesque houses on its banks, and the subsequent building of a brand new granite embankment for most of its length.

Early Christian churches of the greatest interest are very common. They are generally largely built and ornamented with old Roman materials, and splendid classic columns and friezes are frequently in juxtaposition with the gorgeous but grotesque mosaics of these early Christian artists. Each church has an elegant brick tower, which greatly adds to the beauty of the city. St. Maria in Trastevere (extreme left), St. Maria in Cosmedin (above gas works), St. Maria in Araceli (on Capitol), St. Maria Maggiore (extreme right), the largest and by far the most splendid example, and the little churches of St. Prassede and St. Pudenziano (both near) are instances of this. Of the best period of the Renaissance, Rome does not possess nearly its share in ecclesiastical examples; St. Maria, over the temple of Minerva (near Pantheon), and St. Maria del Popolo (extreme north), claim perhaps the largest share of attention which one can spare from the colossal St. Peter's, which church consumes now, as it did when building, the lion's share.

The sixteenth century was prolific in gorgeous buildings by the Jesuits, of which Il Gesù (below the Pantheon) is the chief, and, with St. Andrea della Valle, Chiesa Nuova, and St. Carlo al Corso, heads a long list. The palaces are both splendid and numerous, and are often equally noted for their architecture and art treasures. The fine Farnese Palace (north of Ghetto), now the residence of the French Embassy to the Vatican, the little Villa Farnesina (opposite bank), with Raphael's frescoes of Cupid and Psyche, and, opposite it, the Corsini Palace, the Doria and Colonna Palaces (to the left and right of Corso), the Cancelleria, the Borghese, with its unequalled picture gallery, the Villa Medici, now the French Academy (extreme north), and the Barberini, with its portrait of Beatrice Cenci and Raphael's Fornarina, are the most notable. They, however, all sink into insignificance compared with the Vatican Palace, which, built and decorated by a succession of the most renowned artists, and filled with the most valuable works of ancient and modern art and literature, is a vast mine of wealth bewildering in its riches.

The public squares are noticeable, from the crowded fruit, vegetable, and curiosity market of Campo di Fiori (west of Farnese) to the most imposing in Europe, that in front of St. Peter's. More than once they are on old Roman sites, as the Piazza Navona (below the Castle of St. Angelo), called officially Circo Agonale, after the Circus Domitian, which lay here.

The various aqueducts which supply Rome with such good water generally issue in magnificent fountains, which, both large and small, are numerous all over Rome. The most imposing is perhaps that of Trevi (east of Corso), into which the superstitious throw a coin and drink the water, thus insuring a safe return. Small, but well-known, is the Fontana del Tritone, in the Piazza Barberini.

The most celebrated street in Rome is the Corso, running northwards in the picture; but the new Via Nazionale, cut right through the city, from right to left, is now nearly equal in importance; while

everywhere, through the old labyrinth of lanes and houses, new streets are being cut and the houses rebuilt. Several buildings yet unmentioned enshrine rare works of art, such as St. Pietro in Vincoli (above the Colosseum) where Michael Angelo's Moses sits; the Museums on the Capitol, where some of the finest antiques are sheltered; and notably the Sistine Chapel, at the back of St. Peter's, with Michael Angelo's frescoes. Besides these there are objects of interest shown in the engraving which are not even mentioned in the accompanying list, which a student of Rome will, however, pick out and recognise. Such are the little St. Maria della Pace, behind the big church in Piazza Navona, where Raphael's Sibyls are painted; the fragment of Servian Wall in the Via Nazionale, and the Scotch Church in the Via Venti Settembre.

Beyond the walls one sees the grounds of the Villa Borghese, a favourite promenade with the Romans, and more to the right the Villa Albani. The road from the Porta Pia, by which gate the Italian troops entered in 1870 (on the right), around which is the new and healthy district now covering this high ground, leads to the old church and catacombs of St. Agnes-outside-the-walls, and below, also outside the picture, is the cemetery and early church of St. Lorenzo-outside-the-walls.

New Rome, not satisfied with cutting up the beautiful gardens of the old villas for modern building, and levelling and covering the vine-clad seven hills of the ancient city according to the new municipal scheme called "Piano regolatore," is, on all sides, bursting beyond the walls, and great square blocks are rapidly rising under the hands of hundreds of workmen and workwomen drawn from all parts to the revived capital of United Italy.

In collecting material in Rome for the view, our artist had some very interesting experiences, and everywhere met with the greatest courtesy and assistance. At one time he was perching on the roof of the Royal Palace, on another day he was performing amongst the pigeons wild acrobatic feats up the beams of some church tower, while on a third he was trying to explain, in broken Italian, to some humble citizen, why he wanted to pass through her apartments, to get on the roof of the high house. Everywhere, except on the dome of St. Peter's, he had permission to sketch, photograph, or do as he liked. Of the Romans, our artist has retained a very good opinion, and of their city we trust the reader who takes the trouble to carefully examine the view will have an equally good impression, and that by it he may better understand its history and descriptions, and may be better prepared for some day, perchance, enjoying a visit to its great beauties, or, maybe, find it a faithful remembrancer of long days and weeks spent amidst its thousand marvels, or even a call to renew the delightful toil of again visiting the Eternal City.

H. E. T.



"OLD FRIENDS. ESSAYS IN EPISTOLARY PARODY," by Andrew Lang (Longmans, Green, and Co.). To most of us the creations of the great novelists are real living human creatures, and not mere empty inventions of the brain. They are more real than the hum-drum men and women we meet every day, for whom that dramatic five minutes which occurs once in the lives of all of us seems to belong either to a dim and distant past, or to an unimaginable future. We do not meet them abroad, and perhaps if we did we should not recognise them, for even Pendennis and David Copperfield would be old and grey-headed now, and perhaps—who knows?—fond of prosily relating the history set forth by the master-hand of their chroniclers. But Mr. Lang suggests another question. Did the persons in contemporary novels ever meet? Did the heroes of Fielding and Smollett crack a bottle together? Did Tony Lumpkin ever play a practical joke upon Bob Acres? Or was Becky Sharp ever "nussed" by Saurey Gamp? Or, to come to more modern times, does the rather priggish damsel of Mr. Besant's creation ever tilt the white nose of superiority at the maid of the burning kisses as portrayed by Miss Rhoda Broughton? Mr. Andrew Lang would have us believe that these old friends of ours knew and know one another, and he has been at the pains to collect and publish a little volume of letters written by them to other heroes of romance. In the collection are letters from Mr. Clive Newcome to Mr. Arthur Pendennis, from Mrs. Gamp to Mrs. Prig, from Mr. Paul Rondelet to Dean Maitland, and from Harold Skimpole, Esq., to the Rev. Charles Honeyman. There is the plot of a short story in the correspondence between Professor Forth, Mr. Casaubon, and their wives and those wives' friends, and of a farce in letters passing between Inspector Bucket, Mr. Lecoq, Mr. Pickwick, and Count Fosco. Mr. Andrew Lang has a reverent as well as a brilliant touch, and no one need fear any desecration of his favourite hero in this volume of epistolary parody. It was a bold thing to attempt to tread in the footsteps of the Great Masters, but Mr. Lang has succeeded, and none of his readers will lay down "Old Friends" until they have studied it from cover to cover.

"Ancient Cures, Charms, and Usages of Ireland," by Lady Wilde (Ward and Downey). The humour of the Irish peasant is so racy and so spontaneous, that contributions to Irish lore are always heartily welcome. Lady Wilde has made a capital collection of charms and stories, some of the cures so gravely propounded being funnier even than the peasants' tales, though one or two of them are decidedly "more Irish and less nice." It will be interesting to those who are desirous of emulating the prowess of Sandow to know that a black spider eaten as a sandwich every morning between two slices of bread and butter will be found a great strengthener of the body. Most ailments seem curable with the blood of a black cat, or with hairs from the creature's tail, and burning on the head with a red-hot church key is sovereign for the falling sickness. The peasant tales of the fairies and of the dead are no less fantastic than the cures and charms, and give convincing proof of the part which a lively imagination plays in all things Irish. As a pendant, Lady Wilde has a short sketch of Irish history which is quite worthy of the cures and peasants' tales. She also professes an opinion of the American Irish which is diametrically opposed to that held by the native Americans. It is a pity that she should have spoiled her book by venturing into such quagmires, for the imagination has its limits as well as its uses.

"Egyptian Sketches," by J. Lynch (Edward Arnold). This is the record of a few months spent in Cairo last autumn and winter by an American visitor. For the ordinary reader Mr. Lynch has the advantage of not being an Egyptologist, but merely a keen-eyed observer who can tell of what he has seen and heard in pleasant and straightforward fashion without an undue desire to be funny. Mr. Lynch is well worth reading because he gives his own experience, and brings the unconventional mind of an American to bear upon the marvellous old-world civilisation of Egypt, without thinking it necessary to chop whole pages out of guide-books and learned treatises in Mr. Bouncer's fashion, as too many travellers do. Not the least interesting part of the book is the account of what English administration has done for Egypt, for, though not entirely free from jealousy of England, Mr. Lynch is far too observant and clear-sighted not to do justice to the improved state of the Khedivate. All who have been to Egypt will want to read "Egyptian Sketches," and all who read the book will want to visit Egypt. The volume is prettily illustrated with reproductions from

photographs, and such Transatlantic horrors as "didn't have" are commendably rare.

"Up and Down. Sketches of Travel," by Gilbert S. Macquoid (Ward and Downey). Nowadays, when a journey round the world is thought no more of than was the Grand Tour in the days of our grandfathers, there is no end to the publication of nicely-written books of travel. Mr. G. S. Macquoid has not gone far afield for the subject of his book, having only travelled over such well-worn ground as Belgium, Switzerland, North Italy, and Bavaria. However, his impressions of foreign travel are very readable, and he has a further justification for his book in the capital illustrations by Mr. Thomas R. Macquoid, R.I. Holiday makers always like to read about, and look at pictures of, places they have visited, and if every one who has followed in Mr. Macquoid's footsteps reads his book, it will be ensured a wide popularity. Due regard being had to the modest limits the author has assigned himself, such popularity will be well deserved.

"The Rogues' Gallery," by C. T. Clarkson and J. H. Richardson (Field and Tuer). The authors of "Police" have produced a very entertaining little book dealing with rogues and vagabonds of all sorts, and explaining many of their tricks and artifices. Messrs. Clarkson and Richardson, wisely remembering that truth is stranger than fiction, have not gone beyond the limits of their experience to compile a very interesting book. The sketches by Mr. Harry Parkes are capital.

"Glimpses Into Nature's Secrets," by E. A. Martin (Elliot Stock). The second title of this little book is "Strolls on Beach and Down," and it sums up the scope of the work. Most of the chapters have been already published in the pages of magazines, and in their collected form they will be found a useful present to children who are interested in the objects they see on the sea-shore, and on the downs and cliffs of England. The marvellous stories told by Nature are re-told shortly and plainly by the author, and the book will doubtless save many a nonplussed parent from a torrent of eager questions during the approaching summer holidays.



WHY should not we have an occasional novel dealing with the doings and sayings of none but good and amiable people, with no more mission among them to play havoc with the second table of the Decalogue than is the case with nine real men and women out of ten? Most writers, we fear, would reply that goodness is uninteresting. Mr. John Cordy Jeaffreson has displayed the courage of his conviction to the contrary, and has, in "Cutting for Partners" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), made his gallery of good people not only interesting, but charming. Of course they have their faults and their weaknesses, otherwise they would not be charming; one has his old Adam in the shape of a temper, ruled, but not conquered; another, her morbid fear of pain or disappointing those she loves, leading her, on at least one critical occasion, to subordinate truth to kindness. But there is not one whom it would not be a delight to know, and the more intimately the better, in life; and the next best thing is to make their acquaintance in fiction. There is nothing in the least tame either about them or their doings—deliberate villainy could not have brought about the complication which might very easily indeed have turned the family history of the Challoners into a tragedy. We certainly shall not injure the interest of Mr. Jeaffreson's domestic drama by the slightest outline—the plot ought to unravel and unravel itself with all the unexpectedness of life; it is enough to say that the reader who does not feel the kindlier and the wiser (are they not much the same things?) for having read it must be a curiosity. The descriptions of life and character during the rather neglected period of the forty years' so-called peace are admirable, and rendered with both humour and knowledge; and it is long since we have come across anything so pathetic as the death-bed of Clemaine Donaldson.

The prison-novel of Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., "When We Were Boys" (1 vol.: Longmans, Green, and Co.), is about five ordinary volumes in length; and not only requires an exceptional amount of time, but a corresponding amount of close attention. Whether the time and the attention are to be considered altogether worth the bestowal must depend a great deal upon the reader's personal or political interest in the author. The novel is certainly curious considering its circumstances, taken together with the remarkable absence of personal bitterness from its pages. For the rest, and apart from extraneous interest, it is certainly heavy reading; and disheartening, besides. Irishmen of the post-Lever period have had bitter cause to complain of their own novelists—of the men and women who, in the teeth of truth and fact, persist in holding them up to contempt as a nation of impulsive dreamers, revelling in the weakness of being incomprehensible; the irredeemable victims of childish romance deeply leavened with a genius for mercenary treachery. This is not the true Ireland; but Mr. O'Brien emphasises the miserable and insulting myth which his literary fellow-countrymen have invented about a noble people, and appears to think that his picture is creditable to his compatriots. One need not be an Irishman to feel indignant at seeing Ireland so grossly slandered, either morally or intellectually; and this by one of those who arrogate to themselves the title of her friends as their monopoly. Mr. O'Brien protests against the current belief that Irish humour is a thing of the past, appealing in support of his contention to the unreported conversation of Mr. Healy and Mr. Sexton during a railway journey, and to the reporters' room of the *Freeman's Journal*. For himself, however, he fully bears out the popular notion, and is consistently lugubrious. The best points of the novel are the description of an abortive American invasion, foiled—of course—by the inevitable native informer, and his concluding hope for better results by better methods; to which the cold and calculating Englishman will be the first to say amen.

In "Gloriana; or, The Revolution of 1900" (1 vol.: Henry and Co.), Lady Florence Dixie has essayed to depict the horrors of the time—only ten years hence—when all differences (save, we presume, those which nature has indefeasibly established) between Man and Woman will exist no more. Grammar, shaky under male guardianship, will, it appears, grow shakier still; Parliamentary eloquence, even in the mouth of a popular Premier, will fall to the level of the debating club of a private school; and Volunteers, when of the sex of the Amazons, will no longer be a guarantee of peace and order, but will be ripe for impulsive rebellion. Meanwhile, the conduct of our wives and sisters will rather degenerate with their grammar than improve with their skill in riding astride. Balloons, however, will be vastly improved. Lady Florence Dixie's heroine is a wonderful young person who, before she distances all competitors in everything, and afterwards becomes Prime Minister, disguised as a man. She is supposed to be more or less a type of her trampled sex; and the question arises how it comes to pass that the physically and intellectually stronger sex should be in a position to need emancipation. Some male counter-prediction of the emancipation of poor man from the sordid slavery he undergoes for the sake of supporting the tyrant woman in peace and luxury. The nonsense would not be a whit worse than that which is rampant throughout "Gloriana."



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MEMBERS of the present House of Commons have during this week tasted their first experience of an all-night sitting. It came to pass on Monday, when the House meeting at three o'clock in the afternoon did not separate till four in the morning, an uninterrupted sitting of thirteen hours, which contrasts painfully with the working-man's ideal of an eight hours' labour-day. What made it worse was that, there being a morning sitting on Tuesday, the House was sitting again at two o'clock in the afternoon, remaining in session, with an interval for dinner, till close upon two in the morning. These are long shifts, and it will be difficult for an outsider, who has a general notion that, under the new order of things, the House of Commons must needs interrupt debate at midnight, to understand how this return to old customs may be accomplished. But what is known as the Twelve o'clock Rule is painfully elastic. On any day the Leader of the House may move the suspension of the Standing Order, and at any time a money bill is exempt from its operation. Whenever the Government get in a tight place they move the suspension of the Rule, a proceeding which of itself occupies a considerable slice of working time. Thus, on Tuesday, the House, meeting at two o'clock, was engaged till twenty minutes to five in considering whether the Budget Bill should be taken at the evening sitting and on Wednesday. Assuming an honest and sole desire to make the best of the Bill, it might have been a long way through Committee in the two hours and forty minutes taken up in considering in what circumstances it should be considered.

At the commencement of the week, Mr. Smith made it clear that, before the Whitsun holidays could be even talked about, the Budget Bill must be passed through all its stages, and a Vote on account taken. The Budget scheme, it will be understood, has this year been divided into two parts. One, the Imperial scheme, deals with the imposition of taxes and their disposition as far as Imperial interests are concerned. The other, commonly known as the Compensation Bill, provides for the extinction of licences and other purposes assigned to the care of the local authorities. This latter Bill stands over till the House meets after the Whitsun recess. It is the Imperial Budget round which the battle has been raging through the greater part of this week. On Monday the House got into Committee, Mr. Healy at once coming to the front with an amendment, proposing that, till the promised scheme of Local Government for Ireland has been added to the Statute Book, the impost on the whisky duty should not be imposed. The suggestion that the Irish distillers should enjoy an advantage to the extent of sixpence a gallon over their British neighbours was admittedly preposterous. Even Sir William Harcourt, in supporting the amendment, did not deny that it was unworkable. Nevertheless, the discussion was carried on till just after seven o'clock, when Mr. Goschen moved the Closure, peremptorily shutting up Mr. Justin McCarthy, who had risen to say a few words.

After this it was open war all along the line. Mr. Gladstone had retreated to Hawarden after his campaign in Norfolk, and the leadership had fallen into the hand of Sir William Harcourt. Sir William has a reputation to keep up, and the circumstances of the time were peculiarly favourable to its growth. It is no secret that there is an influential section of the Opposition who think that Mr. Gladstone is too tame in his attitude towards the Government. They prefer the slogging style of Sir William Harcourt, and Sir William delights in an opportunity of displaying it. This he found on Monday night, sitting out the long and not always lively proceedings, from time to time stepping down and troubling the waters. Mr. Smith, after sitting up till two o'clock, left the Government forces in charge of Mr. Goschen, a circumstance which displayed its familiar tendency of aggravating the situation. The Opposition are at least tolerant of Mr. Smith, and quite intolerant of Mr. Goschen. The mere fact that he recommended a certain course would be sufficient to induce them to decline to adopt it. Mr. Goschen, aware of this disposition, does not lay himself out to conciliate the irreconcilables, and so, whilst he is leader *pro tem.*, a condition of anarchy reigns.

Just before midnight on Monday a division was taken on a motion by Dr. Cameron to omit Clause 4 of the Bill. Since Friday this Clause had been attacked piecemeal, discussed in every line. Now it was talked all over again on the motion to omit the Clause, and midnight struck before, the Closure being brought into operation, the amendment was disposed of. Then the Opposition said they had done enough, and must go home. Ministers pressed for further progress—something at least to show for the long sitting. But, with Sir William Harcourt above the gangway and Mr. Labouchere below, it was no use crying Peace or Progress. The Opposition were evidently out for the night, and wearied Ministers, unless they capitulated, must needs stay with them. Mr. Smith and Mr. Goschen, feeling strong in possession of power to move the Closure, picked up the gage of battle, and the forces were drawn up on either side. But it soon became clear that the Government had reckoned without the host in the Chair. When the Opposition began the once-familiar, but of late years disused, practice of following up defeated motions to report progress by others proposing that "the Chairman do now leave the chair," the Closure was moved. But to the dismay of the Treasury Bench Mr. Courtney declined to put the question. Thrice the attempt was made, and thrice the Chairman shook his head.

In this unlooked-for development of circumstances the assumed supremacy of the Government became a thing of naught, and at the end of four hours Lord Hartington, with characteristic straightforwardness, admitted the dilemma, and advised Mr. Goschen to withdraw from the hopeless contest. The Chancellor accepted the suggestion, and at four o'clock on Tuesday morning the House adjourned, the Opposition going home jubilant with the knowledge that they had snatched an unexpected victory. At the afternoon sitting, with the Speaker in the chair, there was another repulse of the Ministry, which completed their disaster on this line of attack. Mr. Smith desiring to stop the discussion on the motion to take precedence for the Budget Bill, the Speaker, amid loud cheers from the Opposition, declined to put the question. After this Mr. Smith adopted a tone rather of conciliation than command, and the mollified Opposition magnanimously drew in their horns. Thus it came

to pass that in the end the Government programme was carried out, and the House adjourned for the Whitsun holidays.

Whilst the Commons have through the week been in a state of turmoil there has been an explosion in the ordinarily peaceful atmosphere of the House of Lords. It was brought about by Lord Denman, who, having on Tuesday obtained precedence for his Bill designed to extend the municipal franchise in Ireland, mercilessly discoursed for nearly half-an-hour on various subjects, his Bill being the one most lightly touched upon. Their lordships sat through twenty minutes of this with almost superhuman patience. But there is a limit to all things, even to the sufferance of the House of Lords towards a member of their own order. Cries for the division finally drowned the wandering speech of Lord Denman, and the motion for the second reading of the Bill was negatived. Noble lords gave a sigh of relief that this business was over for the year, but even whilst they congratulated themselves the tall figure of Lord Denman was discovered once more at the table, with evident intention of saying a few things he had forgotten. Then the Lords became almost as tumultuous as the Commons. Lord Denman was literally shouted down, turning angrily on the crowd to say as he resumed his seat, "My lords, it is *you* that are disorderly."

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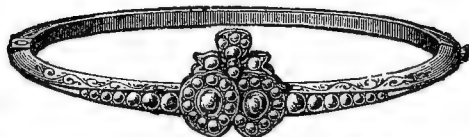


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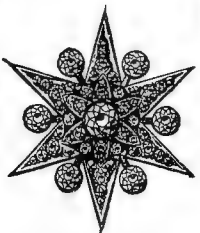
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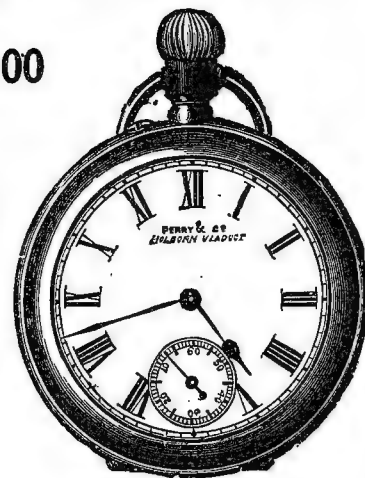
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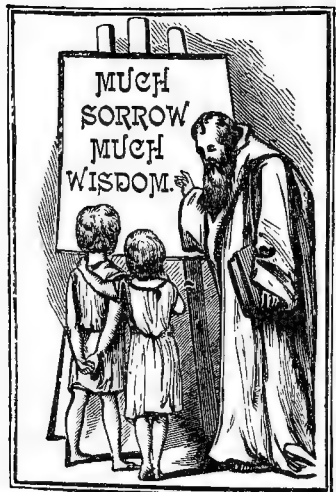
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'Such principles, if evoked and carried into action, would produce an almost perfect moral character in EVERY CONDITION OF LIFE'—SMILES.

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THE ROYAL ACADEMY

III.

AMONG the numerous artists who habitually find their subjects in the Cornish sea-coast towns and villages Mr. Stanhope Forbes holds the foremost place. His large "By Order of the Court," representing a compulsory sale in the house of a farmer, is more dramatic in treatment, and, at the same time, more technically complete, than any of his previous works. He has not failed to avail himself of the opportunity the subject affords for showing diversity of character and expression. The eagerness of the competing bidders, the comparative indifference of the village folk, and the pathetic interest with which the members of the ruined family look for the last time at the objects associated with their happiest days, are depicted with discriminating and sympathetic skill. To be rightly appreciated the picture requires careful examination. It is full of well-considered and interesting detail, and in excellent keeping as a whole: no part of it has been neglected, and nothing is unduly obtrusive. Mr. Chevallier Taylor's "The Last Blessing" is an impressive rendering of a pathetic incident of humble sea-coast life. The agony of the fisherman's wife, with her head resting on the pillow of her dying son, and the earnestness of the priest, who, standing at the foot of the bed, points to the crucifix in his hand, are extremely well expressed.

Mr. Frank Brangwyn has sent his best works to the Grosvenor. His "All Hands Shorten Sail," showing sailors clambering up the shrouds of a ship overtaken by a sudden squall, and his smaller "Outward Bound," are full of vivacity and movement; but they want light, and are rather muddy and opaque in colour. In Mr. H. S. Tuke's "Euchre" the sailors playing at cards on the deck of a small ship are naturally grouped and life-like. Mr. Tuke is a close observer of nature, and depicts the life and manners of sea-faring folk with striking fidelity; but the illustration of classical legend is evidently not within his range. His "Perseus and Andromeda" is even more grotesque than Mr. Kennedy's picture of the same subject at the New Gallery. The female figure, standing with her back to the spectator, and her wrists fastened to a rock by a slender gilt chain that she might easily break, is well-designed and carefully modelled—so, also, is the Perseus; but they are both very commonplace types of humanity. There is nothing terrible in the aspect of the Medusa's head; and the very invertebrate sea-monster in the foreground looks as if it had been painted from a pantomime property.

Mr. F. Goodall's very large view of "The Thames, from Windsor Castle," if not suggestive of atmosphere and space, is marked by accurate draughtsmanship, purity of colour, and fresco-like simplicity of treatment. Mr. Colin Hunter's view of "The Hills of Morven," with amber-tinted clouds vividly reflected in the water, and many seals placidly sleeping on the rocks on the foreground, is admirable for its rendering of light, atmosphere and colour, its breadth and unexaggerated force of effect. Mr. Peter Graham's large "Departing Day," showing a mountain range with

floating mist suffused by a flush of rosy sunset light, and peat gatherers trudging homeward in the shadowed foreground, is a remarkably good example of work. His sea-coast view, "Low Tide," on the other hand, is comparatively weak and ineffective, and rather monotonous in colour. Mr. MacWhirter's "Mount Etna, from the Greek Theatre, Taormina," is an artistic and apparently faithful transcript of a grand subject; infinitely superior to any of the flimsy and artificial pictures of slender birch trees, lake, and mountain, which he has lately produced in such rapid succession, and of which there are two in the present Exhibition. Several younger and comparatively unknown Scotch landscape painters are seen to greater advantage than ever before. Mr. C. H. H. Macartney's spacious "Moorland," and Mr. Niels M. Lund's "The Land o' the Leal," showing the junction of two rapidly rushing rivers, are remarkably good works, combining accurate landscape draughtsmanship with atmospheric truth of effect. Mr. Alexander Frew shows a true sense of colour and distinct individuality of style in a broadly painted mountain scene called "A Summer Evening." Equally good, in a very different way, is Mr. J. Lavery's "Bridge at Gratz," in which all the delicate gradations of tone in the wooded banks, in the ancient stone bridge, and their reflections in the placid water are most truthfully rendered.

In his very large picture "The Death of Cleopatra," the Hon. John Collier has realised his own conception of the subject with great artistic skill. He has chosen a richly decorated mausoleum as the scene of the tragedy. Rigid in death, the Queen lies stretched on a funeral couch. Charmian sits beside her with an expression of tragic intensity on her face; and Iras, writhing in agony, lies dying on the marble steps. The figures are well arranged as regards composition, and correctly designed; but they occupy only a moderate space on the canvas, and are rather overpowered by the inanimate objects about them. The picture wants tone and breadth of light and shade. More mystery in the background and the suppression of some of the obtrusive spots of light would unquestionably render it more impressive. It has, however, distinction of style, and bears evidence of research and careful study. Mr. W. H. Margeson's picture of "Cleopatra" partially undraped, standing in an attitude of conscious dignity, with her two hand-maidens beside her, has harmony of composition and colour, but is devoid of dramatic interest. Mr. S. J. Solomon's large "Hippolyta" shows no advance on his last year's picture. The prancing horses are fairly well designed and vigorous in action, but the composition is confused, and the colour morbid.

Mr. W. B. Richmond has an interesting portrait of "The Late Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham," but it is greatly surpassed by his life-like three-quarter-length of the present Bishop, Dr. Westcott, in academic robes. The episcopal bench is this year largely represented. Of "The Bishop of St. Albans" there are two excellent portraits, one of them by Mr. Jacomb Hood; and the other—representing him in full canonicals—by Mr. Oulless, who also sends a very characteristic half-length of "The Bishop of Chester." Both these works are in the painter's best style. Besides the Venetian

picture already mentioned, Mr. Fildes sends a life-sized portrait of "Mrs. Thomas Agnew," attired in a brocaded purple dress, enriched with lace, and seated beside a table with her hands lightly crossed. It is one of the most attractive portraits in the Exhibition, remarkable for its tasteful arrangement and rich harmony of colour, as well as for the fine modelling of the animated and sympathetic face.

Mr. Herkomer's three-quarter-length of "Mrs. Arthur Sassoon" is distinguished by graceful simplicity of pose, and combined strength and refinement of style. Unlike this, Mr. J. S. Sargent's "Portrait of a Lady," which hangs as a companion to it, is chiefly remarkable for its vivacity of expression and gesture, and its broad and dexterous brush work. An excellent example of unconventional portraiture on a very small scale is to be seen in a half-length of "Henri Rochefort," by M. Jan Van Beers. It is a life-like presentment of a strongly marked individuality. The attitude of the figure is spontaneous; and the light reflected from the newspaper on the expressive face most skilfully rendered. The picture is agreeable in colour, and painted throughout with admirable firmness and finesse.



THE SEASON.—May has given us the winds though happily not the frosts of March. A proverbially prodigal month, it has also proved fully equal to providing us with April's customary alternations of sunshine and shower. The sun is now acquiring real heat, and bathers in shallow streams report the water as quite warm, though it is still very cold in the sea even of an afternoon. The winds have been from different quarters, but they have this spring a natural tendency to revert to the east, as though they wished once and for all to demolish the belief in the genial influence of a westerly equinox such as we had last March. The lilac and laburnum are now in full blossom, and the former more lowly shrub has suffered more from the winds and showers than has the more exposed and apparently more fragile, but really hardier, yellow blossom. The growth of bush fruit is kindly and promising, but the orchards are not now regarded as likely to be rich in yield. Few complaints reach us from the corn-growing counties, where the spring sowings have been much refreshed by the rains. Winter crops are generally of first-rate promise, though somewhat backward in growth.

CATTLE-DISEASES PREVENTION was the subject on which Mr. Thomas Bell addressed the May Meeting of the Farmers' Club. Mr. Rex presided, but the gathering was not a very large one.

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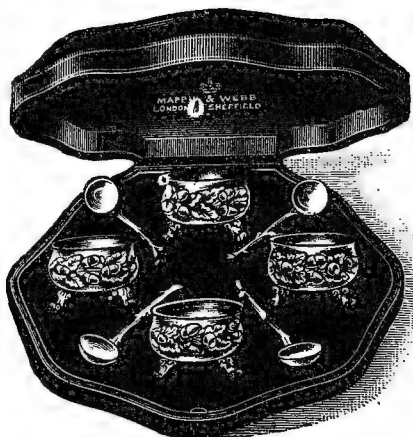
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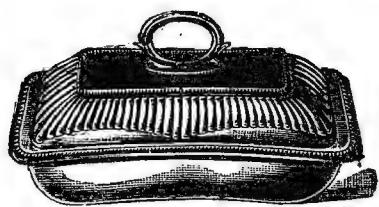
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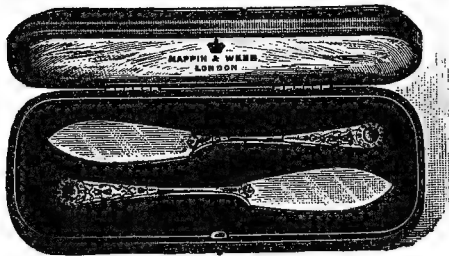


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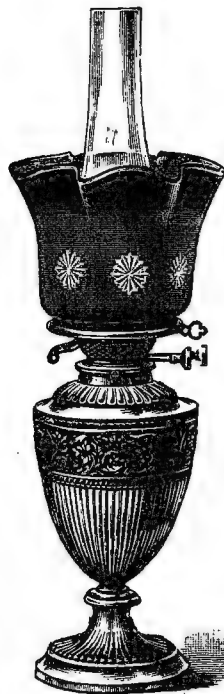
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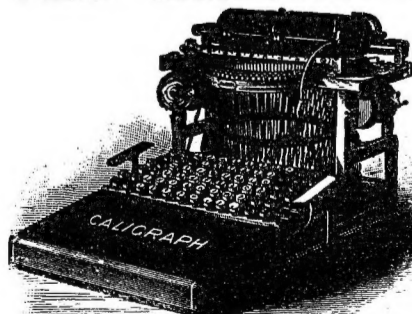
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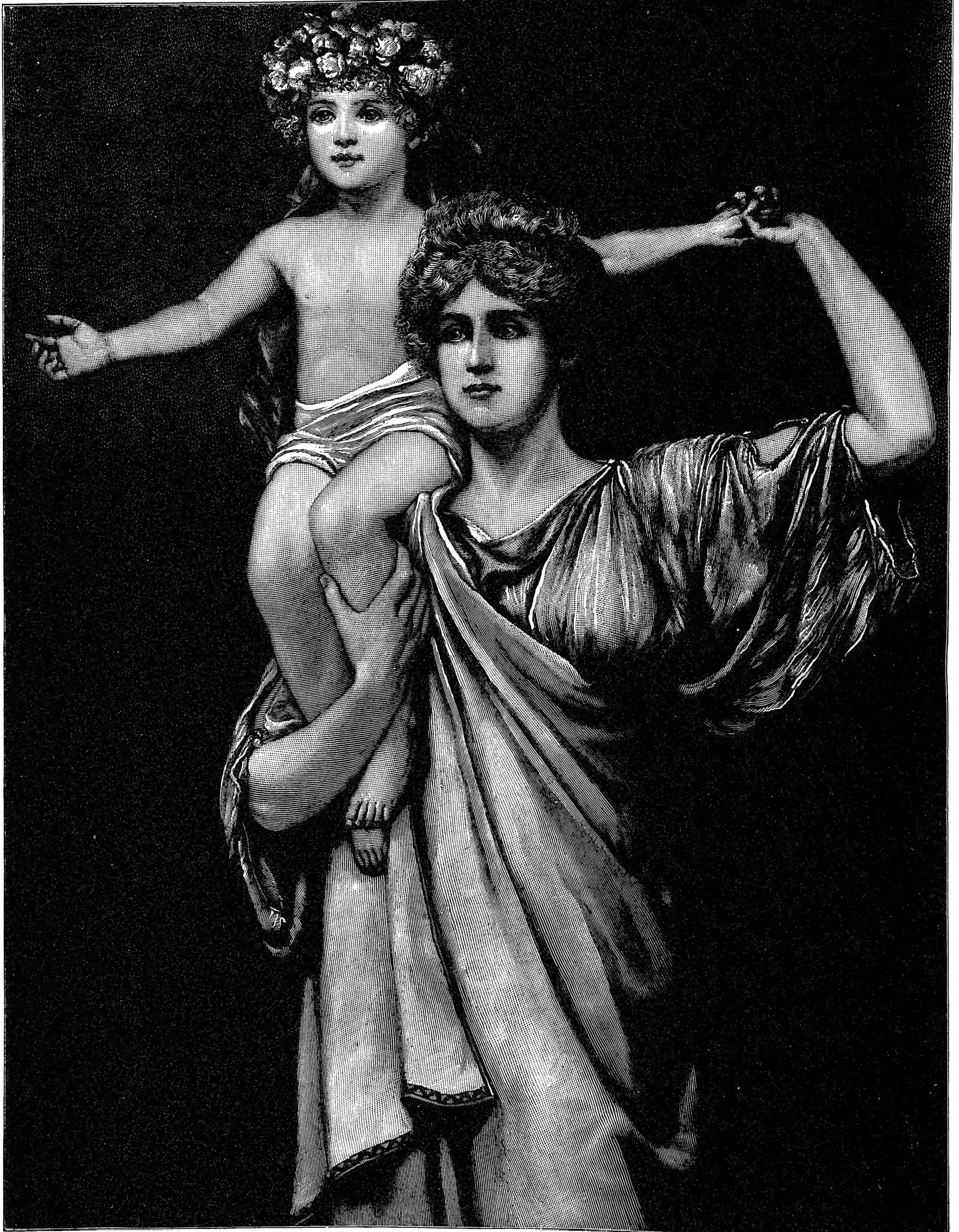
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